



THE PACIFIC COAST



FOURTH READER



SAN FRANCISCO:
J. HANCOCK & COMPANY.

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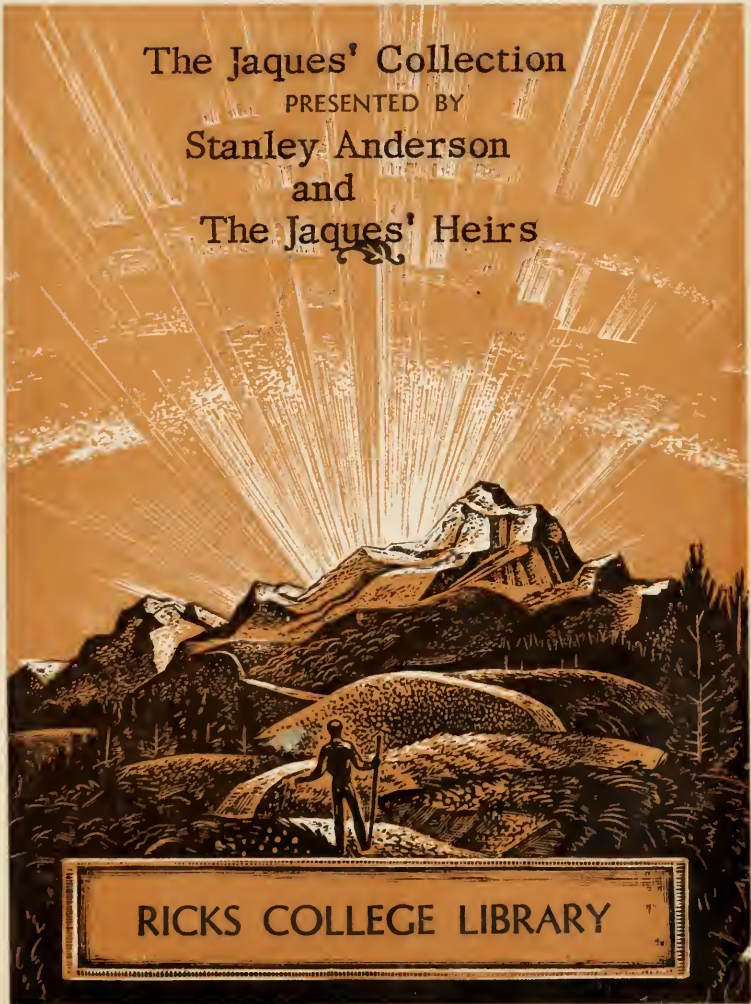
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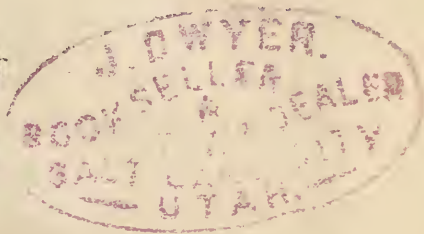


PAUL REVERE'S RIDE. Page 73.

Pacific Coast Series.

THE
PACIFIC COAST
FOURTH READER.

Revised Edition.



SAN FRANCISCO:
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1875.

PREFACE.

THE Pacific Coast Fourth Reader has been made as complete as possible, in view of the fact that it is the highest Reader used by the majority of pupils in the public schools. The selections for a Reader of this grade should furnish valuable information and sound moral lessons; they should be models of correct English, adapted to stimulate a taste for literature; and, from the variety of topics, they should open varied channels of thought, and awaken zeal for observation and patient research.

These desiderata have been kept steadily in view, and the contents of the present volume will be found to meet the above requirements.

A brief and concise Analysis of the Principles of Reading is given, containing only such general rules as are universally recognized and easily applied.

Inflection and Emphasis are not marked in the body of the work, for the reason that there is no absolute standard by which the reading of any passage may be gauged. This is especially true of emotional language, the reading of which must necessarily vary with the reader's temperament, taste, and appreciation of the subject. Fine shades of expression cannot be prescribed by rules and indicated by arbitrary marks, and any attempt to do so cramps and embarrasses both teacher and pupil.

The Definitions preceding the Reading Lessons are mainly confined to the sense in which the words are used in the text.

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PART FIRST.



ANALYSIS OF READING.

PART FIRST.

READING.

READING is the art of assuming written thoughts, feelings and sentiments, and expressing them truly with the voice.

1. Rules of Reading are obtained by observing the manner in which persons naturally speak in common conversation, or in expressing real joy, sorrow, love, hate, fear, scorn and the like.

2. The best guide, therefore, to correct reading, is to *read as Nature teaches us to speak.*

3. In order to read a given exercise correctly, the student must do three things.

First. He must study the lesson well, and be able to utter all the sounds represented by the letters in every word, and to pronounce the words themselves correctly.

Second. He must understand the meaning of the words and find what thoughts, feelings and sentiments are expressed by them.

Third. He must assume, or take upon himself as his own, for the time, those thoughts, feelings and senti-

ments, and express them truly by a proper management of the voice.

4. It is clear, then, that the Art of Reading has two general divisions; ORTHOËPY and EXPRESSION.

Reading - $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \textit{Orthoëpy}, \\ \textit{Expression}. \end{array} \right.$

ORTHOËPY relates to the correct pronunciation of words.

EXPRESSION is the utterance of the thoughts, feelings and sentiments contained in written composition in such a manner as to convey them truly to the hearer.

ORTHOËPY.

Orthoëpy is the correct pronunciation of words. It embraces Articulation, Syllabication and Accent.

Orthoëpy - $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \textit{Articulation}, \\ \textit{Syllabication}, \\ \textit{Accent}. \end{array} \right.$

ARTICULATION is the distinct utterance of the sounds represented by the letters of the alphabet, in syllables and words.

SYLLABICATION relates to the formation and correct utterance of syllables.

ACCENT is the stress or force of voice laid upon a certain syllable of a word, which makes pronunciation smooth and musical.

I. *ARTICULATION.*

I.

Definitions.

ORAL ELEMENTS are the sounds represented by the letters of the alphabet, which, uttered separately or combined, form syllables and words.

THE ALPHABET consists of twenty-six letters, of which *a, e, i, o, u*, are always, and *w* and *y* sometimes, *vowels*.

THE OTHER LETTERS of the alphabet are called *consonants*, from the fact that they are rarely used in syllables without having a *vowel* sounded with them. *W* and *y* are consonants at the beginning of syllables.

ORAL ELEMENTS are divided into three classes: VOWEL SOUNDS, SUBVOWEL SOUNDS and ASPIRATES.

Oral Elements. - { *Vowel Sounds,*
 Subvowel Sounds,
 Aspirates.

VOWEL SOUNDS are pure tones of the voice, represented by the *vowels* of the alphabet.

SUBVOWEL SOUNDS are undertones of the voice, ending with a slight whisper, represented by *consonants*.

ASPIRATES are mere whispers, or breathings, and have no vocal sound. They are represented by *consonants*.

THE ORAL ELEMENTS are made by the voice and the organs of speech.

THE VOICE is produced by the action of the breath upon the upper part of the windpipe, called the larynx.

THE ORGANS OF SPEECH are the *lips*, the *teeth*, the *tongue*, and the *palate*.

THE CAREFUL EXERCISE of the organs of speech enables us to articulate clearly and correctly.

II.

Oral Elements.

I. VOWEL SOUNDS.

SOUNDS OF A.

ā, as in āpe.	ä, as in fär.
ǎ, “ “ căt.	â, “ “ ask.
ạ, “ “ fall.	â, “ “ câre.
ạ, “ “ what.	

SOUNDS OF E.

ē, as in mē.	ē, like û, as in tērm.
ě, “ “ pět.	ê, “ â, “ “ thêre.
e, “ “ obey.	

SOUNDS OF I.

ī, as in nīce.	ī, like ē, as in pīque.
ĩ, “ “ ít.	ĩ, “ ě, “ “ bīrd.

SOUNDS OF O.

ō, as in ōld.	o, like ōō, as in move.
ố, “ “ nőt.	ô “ ōō, “ “ wôlf.
ò, like ũ, as in sòn.	ô “ ạ, “ “ fôm.
oo, as in mōon.	oo, as in foôt.

SOUNDS OF U.

ū, as in mūte.	u, as in rŭmor.
ũ, “ “ cŭp.	u, like oo, as in pull.
û, “ “ ŭrge.	

SOUNDS OF Y.

ȳ, like ī, as in flȳ.	ÿ, like ĩ, as in anÿ.
-----------------------	-----------------------

DIPHTHONGS.

oi or oy, as in oil, boy. ou or ow, as in out, owl.

II. SUBVOWEL SOUNDS.

b, as in bib.	r, as in roar.
d, " " did.	v, " " vile.
ġ, " " ġet.	w, " " will.
ġ, " " ġentle.	ẋ, " " ex̣ist.
j, " " judge.	y, " " yet.
l, " " tall.	z, " " zeal.
m, " " main.	ẓ, " " praịse.
n, " " none.	z, " " azure.
ṇ, " " link.	ng, " " ring.

th, as in they.

III. ASPIRATES.

ç, like s, as in çite.	ch, as in child.
ē, " k, " " ear.	çh, like sh, as in çhaise.
f, as in fife.	ēh, " k, " " echorus.
h, " " hat.	sh, as in shop.
k, " " keg.	th, " " thin.
s, " " sin.	wh, " " white.
t, " " top.	

As the above tables have been prepared with reference to their future use as a key to the system of *marking* employed in the spelling and defining exercises, many *substitutes*, not usually included in a list of Oral Elements, have been given.

III.

Oral Substitutes.

ORAL SUBSTITUTES are other letters or combinations of letters used to represent the oral elements; as

ai, au, ey, in the words *gain, gauge, they*, for *ā*.

iew, ui, eau, in the words *view, juice, beauty*, for *ū*.

eau, ew, ow, in the words *beau, sew, bow*, for *ō*.

a, ue, ie, in the words *any, guess, friend*, for *ě*.

au, eo, oa, in the words *fault, George, broad*, for *ā*.

IV.

Rules in Articulation.

1. The word A, when emphatic, has the long sound (\bar{a} in ape); as,

I did not say *your* horse, but *a* horse.

2. The word A, when not emphatic, has the sound of \grave{a} (\grave{a} in ask); as,

Bring me \grave{a} book and \grave{a} slate.

3. The word THE, when emphatic, or immediately followed by a word beginning with a vowel sound, has the long sound of \bar{e} ; as *Thē* book, not *any* book. The apple.

4. The word THE, when not so used, has the sound of \ddot{u} (\ddot{u} in nŭt); as,

The ($\text{th}\ddot{u}$) dog eat the ($\text{th}\ddot{u}$) meat which the ($\text{th}\ddot{u}$) man gave him.

5. The word MY, when emphatic, has the long sound of y ; as, Get $m\bar{y}$ hat, if you get *yours*.

6. The word MY, when not emphatic, has the short sound of y ; as, You have spoiled $m\ddot{y}$ hat.

7. G and K before N, in the same syllable, are mute.

8. H after R is mute, as in rheum, rhetoric.

9. L is often mute before K, M and F; as in talk, calm, half.

10. N final is mute after M; as in hymn.

11. P initial is mute before S; as in psalm.

12. FINAL CONSONANTS. Oral elements represented by final consonants should be uttered with great distinctness; as, He *attempts* to hide his angry *acts*.

13. WHEN ONE WORD ENDS, and the next one begins, with the same consonant sounds, the consonant that ends the first word should be prolonged, and the one that begins the next word taken up by a second impulse of the voice, without pausing between them; as

Stain not thy youth with sports so wild,
For every mother loves her child.

14. UNACCENTED SYLLABLES should be pronounced as *distinctly* as those which are accented, less force and prolongation of voice being used; as in stillness, kindness, travel.

V.

Errors in Articulation.

The most common errors in articulation are four in number, as follows:

<i>Errors in Articulation.</i>	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} 1. \text{ Leaving out a syllable.} \\ 2. \text{ Leaving out a sound.} \\ 3. \text{ Change of a vowel sound.} \\ 4. \text{ Blending of words.} \end{array} \right.$

First. LEAVING OUT A SYLLABLE; AS,

his t'ry for his to ry.
'rith me tic for a rith me tic.
mem'ry for mem o ry.
bois t'rous for bois ter ous.
trav'ler for trav el er.
int'rest for in ter est.

Second. LEAVING OUT AN ORAL ELEMENT OR SOUND; AS,

fiel's for fields.		goin' for going.
wil's " wilds.		excep' " except.
fac's " facts.		expec' " expect.

Third. CHANGE OF A VOWEL SOUND; AS,

git for get.		winder for window.
sence " since.		childrin " children.
set " sit.		modist " modest.
shet " shut.		ubserver " observer.

Fourth. BLENDING OF WORDS; AS,

John sold hat, for John's old hat.
That beat Saul, " That beats all.
Some mice scream " Some ice cream.
Her small lies, " Her small eyes.

IN LEARNING TO ARTICULATE clearly, be careful not to acquire a habit of *drawling*.

AVOID CHANGING THE ACCENT; as, for instance, in giving the sound of *a* in the word met'rical, be careful not to pronounce it met-ri-cal', with the accent on the last instead of the first syllable.

II. SYLLABICATION.

I.

Syllables.

A SYLLABLE is a word, or part of a word, uttered by a single effort of the voice.

A MONOSYLLABLE is a word of *one* syllable; as *house*.

A DISSYLLABLE is a word of *two* syllables; as *houseless*.

A TRISYLLABLE is a word of *three* syllables; as *derangement*.

A POLYSYLLABLE is a word of more than three syllables; as *con-grat-u-la-tion*.

THE ULTIMATE is the last syllable of a word; as *gle* in *jin-gle*.

THE PENULT is the last syllable but *one* of a word; as *tru* in *in-tru-sion*.

THE ANTEPENULT is the last syllable but *two* of a word; as *sti* in *con-sti-tu-tion*.

II.

Words.

A SPOKEN WORD is one or more oral elements used to express an idea.

A WRITTEN WORD is one or more letters used as the sign of an idea.

Words are divided into primitive, derivative, simple and compound.

Words. -	{	<i>Primitive,</i> <i>Derivative,</i> <i>Simple,</i> <i>Compound.</i>
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A PRIMITIVE WORD is not derived from any other word, but is a root from which other words spring; as *fix*, *pain*.

A DERIVATIVE WORD is formed from a primitive by placing a syllable before it called a prefix, or by adding a syllable to it, called an affix; as in *prefix*, *painful*.

A SIMPLE WORD is one that cannot be divided without destroying the sense; as *ink*, *book*.

A COMPOUND WORD is formed of two or more words; as *ink-stand*, *book-binder*.

A PHRASE is a combination of words not expressing an entire proposition, but performing a distinct office in the structure of a sentence or of another phrase; as, *He sat in his tent.* *He came in the carriage of a friend.*

A SENTENCE is a combination of words which asserts an entire proposition; as,

Reading is an important study.

God said, Let there be light!

Arithmetic is the science of numbers.

III. ACCENT.

ACCENT is a stress of voice laid on one or more syllables of a word.

IN LONG WORDS, containing many syllables, *two* syllables are spoken with greater force than the others. Hence we have two accents, viz: the PRIMARY, and the SECONDARY, the former being stronger than the latter.

Accent. - $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \textit{Primary}, \\ \textit{Secondary}. \end{array} \right.$

PRIMARY ACCENT is marked thus ('); as,
man'ly, boy' ish, hap' py.

SECONDARY ACCENT is marked thus (˘), more lightly; as,
con' sti tu' tion, fun' da ment' al.

VERY LONG WORDS sometimes have a third accent; as,
in' ter com mu' ni ca' tion.

THE MEANING of many words having the same form, is determined by accent.

Con' jure, to practice enchantments.

Con jure', to entreat.

Pres' ent, a gift.

Pre sēnt', to give.

Au' gust, a month.

Au gust', grand.

CHANGED BY CONTRAST. The accent of words is often changed by contrast; as,

I said *in'* crease, not *de'* crease.

He was *re'* pelled, not *com'* pelled.

EXPRESSION.

Expression is the utterance of written thoughts, feelings and sentiments, in such a manner as to convey them truly and impressively to the hearer.

The general divisions of Expression are, EMPHASIS, INFLECTION, PAUSE, and MODULATION.

Expression. - $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \textit{Emphasis,} \\ \textit{Inflection,} \\ \textit{Pause,} \\ \textit{Modulation.} \end{array} \right.$

Under the head of ORTHOËPY, we have learned the oral elements of the language, the manner of their production by the voice and the organs of speech, the union of the elements to form syllables, the proper accent of the syllables, and the linking of them together to form words.

We are now to consider, under the head of Expression, the second and most important part of reading, that which treats of the adaptation of words, so formed and fashioned, to the many and wonderful uses of speech.

The vocal management of words according to the rules of EMPHASIS, INFLECTION, PAUSE, and MODULATION, gives life, warmth, coloring and effect to written composition.

I. EMPHASIS.

Emphasis is a force of voice laid upon some word or words, to intensify their meaning.

EMPHASIS is divided into ABSOLUTE AND RELATIVE.

Emphasis. - { *Absolute,*
 Relative.

ABSOLUTE EMPHASIS is the force of voice laid upon a word or words, to show the importance of the idea expressed by it or them; as,

He was found guilty of *stealing*.

And *was* it, then, a *dream*?

Give me the book," said the dying Christian. "*What* book?" asked his friends. "*What* book!" he exclaimed, "There is but *one* book, the BIBLE!"

Life is *real*; life is *earnest*;

And the grave is *not* its goal.

RELATIVE EMPHASIS is a force of voice laid upon some word or words, to *compare* and *contrast* the idea expressed by it or them, with that expressed by some other word or words; as,

The *boy* is the *father* of the *man*.

Bark is a *good* dog, but *Bite* is a *better* one.

He not only *talked* Christianity, but *acted* it.

Aim *to be*, and not *to seem*.

EMPHATIC WORDS are often denoted by being printed in *italics*; those more emphatic in SMALL CAPITALS; and those still more so, in LARGE CAPITALS.

Suppose, for example, that the preceptor observes that William is idle. He will say,

"*William!*"

He does not hear:

"WILLIAM!"

And again he calls,

"WILLIAM!"

EMPHASIS does not mean mere *loudness* of tone. On the contrary, the volume of the voice is often not great enough to express the depth and strength of our feelings, and the emphatic words are spoken with a hiss or a husky whisper; as,

I *hate* him! I HATE him! I HATE him!

And whispered with white lips, *the foe! they come!*
THEY COME!

A RIGHT USE of emphasis is the greatest art of good reading. The Emphasis can be moved so as to change the entire meaning of a sentence; as,

Did you come on the cars to-day? No.

Did *you* come on the cars to-day? No; *John* came.

Did you come on the *cars* to-day? No; I came on the boat.

Did you come on the cars *to-day*? No; I came *yesterday*.

II. INFLECTION.

Inflection is the bend or slide of the voice, used in reading and speaking.

There are three inflections: The RISING INFLECTION, the FALLING INFLECTION and the CIRCUMFLEX.

Inflection.	{	<i>Rising,</i>
		<i>Falling,</i>
	{	<i>Circumflex.</i>

THE RISING INFLECTION is the upward slide of the voice; as,

Has John come home?

THE FALLING INFLECTION is the downward slide of the voice; as,

Who knows why John has not come home?

IN THE RISING INFLECTION, the voice begins *on* the general pitch, and ends *above* it; while in the *falling* inflection the voice begins *above* and ends *on* the general pitch.

THE CIRCUMFLEX is the union of the *rising* and *falling* inflections on the same syllable or word, so as to produce a wave of the voice. It may begin with the *rising* and end with the *falling*, or begin with the *falling* and end with the *rising* inflection.

HOW MARKED. The *rising* inflection is marked thus ('); and the *falling* inflection thus (`). The rising *circumflex* is marked thus ˘; and the falling *circumflex* thus ˙.

I.

Rising Inflection.

DIRECT QUESTIONS, or those that can be answered by *yes* or *no*, unless repeated with emphasis, take the *rising* inflection, and their answers generally, the *falling*; as,

Do you live in town'? I dò.

Will you ride to-day'? Nò.

WHEN REPEATED with emphasis, *direct questions* take the *falling* inflection; as,

Do you live in town`?

Will you ride to-day`?

CARELESS ANSWERS to direct questions take the *rising* inflection; as,

Are you sick this morning? Not much'.

DISJUNCTIVE OR. Words and clauses connected by the disjunctive *or* usually take the *rising* inflection *before*, and the *falling*, *after*, it; as,

Shall we go', or stay`?

Did you say valor' or value`?

THE NAME OF THE PERSON OR OBJECT ADDRESSED generally takes the *rising* inflection; as,

Hamlet', you have your father much offended.

John', James',—cease whispering.

Ye hills, and dales', ye rivers', woods', and plains',

Tell, if ye saw, how came I here'?

WHEN A PAUSE is required by the meaning, and the sense is not complete, the rising inflection is generally used; as,

The bell having rung', the boys came in.

If your studies sometimes seem difficult', if your schoolmates are not always kind',—be not discouraged.

Industry will conquer the one', and gentleness subdue the other.

TENDER EMOTION, such as grief, pity, kindness, gentle joy and mild entreaty, commonly requires the rising inflection; as,

Henry', Henry', how can you act so'?

The sun shines, and the birds are singing ; I feel happy to-day'.

I am sorry, mother', that I disobeyed you'.

REMEMBER that the rising inflection is often very slight, so that, in fact, the voice is merely *suspended*, rather than *raised*.

II.

Falling Inflection.

INDIRECT QUESTIONS, or those which *cannot* be answered by *yes* or *no*, generally take the *falling* inflection, and their answers the same; as,

How old' are you? Ten'.

What time' is it? Eight o'clock'.

How many books' have you'? I do not know'.

WHEN REPEATED, however, *indirect* questions imply a

brief and immediate answer, like *direct* questions, and therefore take the *rising* inflection; as,

How old' ? Ten`.

What time' ? Eight`.

THE LANGUAGE OF COMMAND, SURPRISE, EXCLAMATION, ANGER, TERROR, and, in fact, *all strong emotion*, requires the falling inflection; as,

Command. Charge` Chester' ! Charge`.

Surprise. Well' ! who would have thought` it !

Exclamation. 'Tis he' ! 'tis he' !

Anger. Begone` ! my soul abhors` thee !

Terror. The foe` ! they come` ! they come` !

THE FALLING INFLECTION is generally proper wherever the sense is complete, whether at the end of a sentence or not; as,

Life is short and art is long`.

There is no excellence without labor`.

Lives of great men all remind us,

We can make our lives sublime` ;

And, departing, leave behind us,

Footprints on the sands of time`.

WHEN NEGATION is opposed to *affirmation*, the former takes the *rising*, and the latter the *falling* inflection, whether the negation comes first or not; as,

I did not see John', but James`.

He is a better man`, not a stronger one`.

CONTRAST AND COMPARISON. When contrast and comparison are set forth, either by single words or clauses, the first word or clause takes the *rising* inflection and the second the *falling*; as,

George was the faster runner' ; James the better student`.

In sunshine' and in storm`, in pleasure' and in pain`,
come weal' or come woe`, we will be truly friends`.

III.

Circumflex.

THE CIRCUMFLEX IS USED when the language is not sincere or earnest, but is employed in jest, ridicule, sarcasm or mockery. The *falling* circumflex is used in places that would otherwise require the *falling* inflection; the *rising* circumflex in places that would otherwise require the *rising* inflection; as,

Y[^]es, of c[^]ourse, y[~]ou are a smart boy.

The book is m[~]ine, not y[^]ours.

Who thought that Sm[~]ith would become a p[^]oet!

CIRCUMFLEX AND EMPHASIS are very much alike; so much so, indeed, that it is hardly necessary to give them different names.

III. PAUSE.

Pause is the suspension of voice made in reading and speaking, in order to rest the voice, give an opportunity for breathing, and render the vocal expression of written matter intelligible and effective.

It has two general divisions, GRAMMATICAL and RHETORICAL PAUSE.

Pause. - { *Grammatical,*
 { *Rhetorical.*

I.

Grammatical Pause.

GRAMMATICAL PAUSE is used to make clear the meaning of written or spoken language, and is represented by

certain signs called *punctuation points* or pauses. They are seven in number: *Dash*, *comma*, *semicolon*, *colon*, *exclamation*, *interrogation* and *period*.

<i>Pauses.</i> -	{	<i>Dash</i>	(—)
		<i>Comma</i>	(,)
		<i>Semicolon</i>	(;)
		<i>Colon</i>	(:)
		<i>Exclamation</i>	(!)
		<i>Interrogation</i>	(?)
		<i>Period</i>	(.)

THE DASH denotes a sudden hesitation or change of thought; as, He was there—but how changed! It is frequently used to represent the other pauses.

THE COMMA is the shortest pause; as,
John, James and Henry were reciting.

The voice should be generally, but not always, kept up.

THE SEMICOLON represents a pause longer than the comma, and separates such parts of a sentence as are somewhat less closely connected than those separated by the comma; as,

“No mate, no comrade, Lucy knew;
She dwelt on a wide moor.”

THE VOICE usually falls with a semicolon, but not always.

THE COLON represents a pause longer than a semicolon, and separates parts of a sentence less closely connected than those divided by the latter; as;

Youth is the seed-time of life: how few there are who improve it!

THE EXCLAMATION denotes wonder, surprise, pain, etc; as,

Help me, Cassius! or I sink!

Make a short pause after a single word followed by an exclamation, and let the voice rise; after a complete sentence make a longer pause, and let the voice fall.

THE INTERROGATION is used at the end of a question; as, When did you come? If the question can be answered by *yes* or *no*, the voice generally rises; if not, it falls.

THE PERIOD denotes a full stop. It marks the end of a sentence, and shows that the sense is complete. The voice generally falls.

Other Marks.

THE APOSTROPHE denotes the possessive case; as, John's hat; also, that one or more letters have been left out of a word; as, hist'ry for history.

THE QUOTATION MARKS include the language of another; as, James said, "What of it?"

THE PARENTHESIS includes words which are not properly a part of the main sentence; as,

He is glad (as all boys are) when vacation comes.

INSTEAD OF THE PARENTHESIS, the dash and the comma are now mostly used for that purpose.

II.

Rhetorical Pause.

RHETORICAL PAUSE is a suspension of the voice at certain intervals in order to give effect to reading or speaking.

IT IS NOT DESIGNATED by marks, and is not strictly necessary to the mere understanding of spoken or written language.

THE GENERAL PRINCIPLES which govern the use of the rhetorical pause will be considered in the Fifth Reader.

IV. MODULATION.

Modulation is the art of varying the tones of the voice, in reading and speaking, so as to give to every word, phrase or sentence the sounds which best express its meaning.

Modulation is, in fact, the *melody* of speech, without which language would fall cold and lifeless from our lips. It has seven general divisions: PITCH, FORCE, QUALITY, RATE, SLUR, MONOTONE, and TRANSITION.

PITCH refers to the *key* of the voice, and is HIGH, MODERATE, or LOW.

FORCE is the volume or loudness of the voice, and is either LOUD, MODERATE, or GENTLE, as the case requires.

QUALITY relates to the kinds of tone used in reading and speaking; as, PURE, OROTUND, ASPIRATED, GUTTURAL, or TREMBLING.

RATE refers to the movement of the voice, and is either QUICK, MODERATE, or SLOW.

SLUR is a dropping and gliding movement of the voice, in passing over some unimportant or explanatory word or clause.

MONOTONE is a sameness of force employed in the utterance of several successive words or clauses, when reading solemn or sublime passages.

TRANSITION is a change in the modulation of the voice, made, as occasion requires, to indicate a turn in thought or sentiment, or to represent the utterances of different speakers.

SLUR, MONOTONE, and TRANSITION, though usually classed as separate elements of Expression, are really divisions of Modulation, and will be so treated in this series.

The subject of Modulation will be fully treated in the Fifth Reader, in connection with a more thorough analysis of the general principles of Elocution.

PART SECOND.



SELECT READINGS.

PART SECOND.

LESSON I.

THE PONY-RIDER.

Mēs'sen ger, one who carries a message.	Pōst'age, the price paid for carrying letters and papers.
Ĉon'ti nent, a vast extent of land.	E eön'o mized, saved.
Prēc'i piĉe, a steep, overhang- ing place.	Gōld'-lēaf, gold hammered very thin.
Spēe tā'tor, one who looks on.	Phǎn'tom, a ghost.
	Viś'ion, a dream-like appear- ance.

TO the western-bound emigrant train, creeping slowly along, day after day, in a cloud of stifling dust, with the slow pace of its ox-teams, the journey across the great Plains must have been dreary enough; but to our little party, whirled along at a splendid rate in one of Holladay's fast mail-coaches, strange sights and stirring incidents enlivened every fleeting mile. One object we were momentarily expecting, and in a little while all interest was taken up in stretching our necks and watching for the "pony-rider"—the fleet messenger who sped across the continent from St. Joe to Sacramento, carrying letters nineteen hundred miles in eight days!

2. The pony-rider was usually a little bit of a man, brimful of spirit and endurance. No matter what time of the day or night his watch came on, and no matter whether it was mild or stormy weather, or whether his "beat" was over a level, straight road, or a

crazy trail over mountain crags and precipices, or whether it led through peaceful regions, or regions that swarmed with hostile Indians, he must be always ready to leap into the saddle and be off like the wind.

3. There was no idle time for a pony-rider on duty. He rode fifty miles without stopping, by daylight,



moonlight, starlight, or through the blackness of darkness, just as it happened. He rode a splendid horse that was born for a racer, and fed and lodged like a gentleman.

4. He kept him at his utmost speed for ten miles, and then, as he came crashing up to the station, found

two men holding a fresh, impatient steed that was to bear him further on. The transfer of rider and mail-bag was made in the twinkling of an eye, and away flew the eager pair, and were out of sight before the spectator could get hardly a ghost of a look.

5. Both horse and rider went "flying light." The rider's dress was thin and he was cumbered with no waste of cloth. Weight and bulk were economized in everything he wore. He carried no arms; he carried nothing that was not absolutely necessary, for even the postage on his literary freight was five dollars a letter.

6. His horse was stripped of all unnecessary weight, too. He wore light shoes or none at all. The little flat mail pockets strapped under the rider's thigh would each hold about the bulk of a child's primer. They held many and many an important business chapter and newspaper letter, but these were written on paper as airy and thin as gold-leaf, so as to be packed in the smallest space.

7. The pony-rider traveled about two hundred and fifty miles a day. There were about eighty pony riders in the saddle all the time, night and day, stretching in a long scattering line from Missouri to California, forty flying eastward and forty toward the west, and among them making four hundred gallant horses do wondrous work.

8. We had a burning desire from the beginning, to see a pony rider, but somehow or other all that passed us, and all that we met, managed to streak by in the night. We heard only a whiz and a hail, and the swift phantom of the desert was gone before we could get our heads out of the window.

9. But now we were expecting one along every

moment, and would see him in broad daylight. Presently the driver exclaims, "Here he comes!" and every neck is stretched further, and every eye strained wider. Away across the dead level of the prairie a black speck appears against the sky, and we can see that it moves!

10. In a second or two, it becomes a horse and rider, rising and falling, rising and falling, sweeping toward us nearer and nearer, and coming plainer into view, till soon the flutter of the hoofs comes faintly to the ear. In another instant a whoop and a hurrah from the upper deck of our coach, a wave of the rider's hand, but no reply, and man and horse burst past our excited faces, and go winging away like a belated fragment of a storm.

MARK TWAIN.

LESSON II.

HOW LAMP-CHIMNEYS ARE MADE.

PART FIRST.

Spā'ciōūs, roomy.

Fûr'naçe, a hot oven.

Clāng'ing, the noise made by
pieces of iron striking together.

Māg'ie, sorcery; witchcraft.

An nēaled', made strong by
heat and gradual cooling.

Ärched, curved.

Pōrt'-hōles, holes made in the
side of a ship or the walls of a
fort, through which guns are
fired.

Dī ām'e ter, a straight line
through the center of an object
to its opposite boundaries.

Sphēr'ie al, round; like a
sphere.

THE old gentleman led the way into a spacious building, full of strange lights and flames and human life. Furnaces were glowing; men and boys were at work before the fires, or darting to and fro.

Some were blowing fiery bubbles, which put to shame all the soap-bubbles in the world.

2. Others were shaping the glowing metal ; there were noises like the reports of pocket pistols, and sounds of clanging iron, where boys were occupied in knocking off cold glass from the ends of iron rods into small sheet-iron carriages. Altogether the scene was so dazzling and confusing, that Lawrence at first thought there was little chance of his learning any more about glass-making than he already knew.

3. First, one had a bubble, then another had it; then it had disappeared, and the man who, as he thought, had it, was quietly at work upon a lamp-chimney or a goblet, while he knew no more how he came by it than if it had been produced by magic.

4. It seemed to him that these men and boys, common as they were in personal appearance, must be true sorcerers in the disguise of ordinary humanity, so deftly and yet indifferently did they move about in this scene of wonder, working spell-like transformations with a substance which is usually associated in our minds with all that is frail, brittle, and unmanageable. This illusion dissolved, however, when he noticed that a man with a pug nose, who was carelessly shaping some object of crystalline splendor, had a pipe in his mouth !

5. He counted four separate furnaces. Two were on one side, and seemed to be merely large ovens with flaming mouths. These, he was told, were the leers where the newly-made glass-ware was annealed. Then, near each end of the building, standing by the great chimneys, like dwarfs beside giants, were two small, round furnaces, blazing at several mouths, called "glory-holes." At these men and boys were constantly heating and reheating articles of glass to be worked.

6. The great chimneys themselves looked like circular brick towers, with port-holes of fire. Into the port-holes men were thrusting iron rods, and taking out lumps of melted metal.

7. These masses of melted metal were shaped on tables or blown into globes, or dropped into moulds. "These, then," he thought, "are the big furnaces; and those port-holes must be the necks of the melting pots." A workman took his long iron pipe—it was, perhaps, five feet long and an inch in diameter—and thrust one end of it into the neck of a pot and commenced turning it, which process is called, "gathering."

8. When the workman had got what he judged to be a sufficient quantity of the melted ore on the end of the iron—it was a lump somewhat larger than a butter-nut—he took it out and rolled it on a small polished iron table, which the old gentleman said was a *marver*.

9. The workman having reduced the soft lump to a shape suitable for his purpose, put the other end of the pipe to his lips and began to blow. Lawrence, watching him closely, could see a little bubble of air push out into the lump, which at the same time began to swell into a bulb.

10. He continued to blow, and the lump continued to expand. Now he held it down near the floor, and swung it gently to and fro. Still he kept blowing at intervals, and increasing its size, while the motion stretched it until it had become a larger bulb with a long neck.

11. Then he touched the end to the ground, to prevent it from expanding further in that direction; in the meanwhile the thin glass of the neck had become cool, and ceased to enlarge; so that now, when he blew again, the thicker and softer glass of the sides of the bulb swelled out into a more spherical form.

LESSON III.

HOW LAMP-CHIMNEYS ARE MADE.

PART SECOND.

Trans pâr'ent, clear.

Lū'rid, glowing with a murky light.

Cōn vinced', satisfied by proof.

Proç'ess, series of acts; operation.

Lāthe, a turning machine for shaping wood or metal.

Pre ěm'i nent ly, with superiority over others.

Īn'stru ment, that by which work is done; a tool.

Sīm'i lar, nearly like.

Ex chānged', one taken in place of the other.

Īn sĕrt'ed, put within.

THE metal was now shaped something like a small gourd, hanging by its straight stem from the end of the pipe, and the glass which had been at a white heat at first, had become transparent at the neck, and a dull, lurid red in the bulb. The workman now took an instrument in his hand and pinched the thick, soft glass at the end of the bulb into a button, like a blow at the end of a gourd.

2. All this was done in scarcely more than a minute's time, and Lawrence was amused to observe that the blower, while producing these magical effects, had never once taken his clay pipe from his mouth.

3. "How can you blow and smoke at the same time?" he asked, as the man stood twirling his glass gourd in the air, waiting for a boy to come and take it. "I should think you would blow the smoke and tobacco out of your pipe."

4. "O, I just clasp my tongue over the end of it, and stop the hole when I blow," was the answer. A

boy now ran up and took the iron tube with the glass on its end. Lawrence followed him, convinced that the only way of learning how an article was made, was to watch it from the beginning through each stage of the process.

5. The boy handed it to a workman sitting on a chair-shaped bench, with strong straight arms, across which he laid the iron with the glass, at his right hand. Turning the rod by rolling it under his left hand, like a lathe, he gave the button another pinch, and then knocked it off.

6. "The instrument he uses looks like a pair of sheep-shears," said Lawrence, "only the blades are duller. What are they called, sir?"

7. "The old name *pucellas* has gone out with us," said the old gentleman; "we call it simply a pair of tools. They are preëminently the glass-blower's tools—he shapes everything with them."

8. The workman in the meanwhile had handed the pipe back to the boy, who thrust the glass into the flames of one of the "glory-holes."

9. "It is coal tar that gives that hot flash," said the old gentleman. "In the other glory-hole furnace, over yonder, we burn resin. He is heating the glass again so that it can be shaped."

10. It was the work of a few moments; and the glass was handed, glowing, back to the workman, who had in the meantime taken the button off from another precisely similar glass, which had been handed him by another boy.

11. This he now exchanged for the first. He laid the pipe across the arms of the bench, as before, and, turning it rapidly under his hand, pushed the point of one blade of his "sheep-shears," or tools, into the hole

left by the knocked-off button. Having opened it a little, he inserted both points, and gradually enlarged the hole, now to the size of a penny, then to the size of a dollar, and lastly to that of a little tin cap that he fitted to a rim, which, in working, he had turned outward upon the edge of the glass.

12. He used the tin cap as a measure, and it was laid aside when the rim was found to be of the right size. It was less than a minute's work, and that end of the gourd was finished. But it was no longer a gourd; it was a lamp-chimney!

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

LESSON IV.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

As sīgned', given; allotted.

Pōp'pies, flowers from which the sleep-producing opium is made.

Lō'tūs, a plant which produces forgetfulness.

En wrēath'ing, surrounding with a wreath.

Hēl'met, that part of the armor which covers the head.

Är'mor, a covering, usually of steel, iron or brass, which protects the body in battle.

Brēast'plāte, that part of the armor which protects the breast.

Shiēld, a broad, flat piece of armor worn on the arm to protect the body; anything which defends.

GO forth in the Battle of Life, my boy—
 Go while it is called to-day;
 For the years go out, and the years come in,
 Regardless of those who may lose or win—
 Of those who work or play.

2. And the troops march steadily on, my boy,
 To the army gone before;

You may hear the sound of their falling feet,
Going down to the river where the two worlds meet;
They go to return no more.

3. There is room for you in the ranks, my boy,
And duty, too, assigned;
Step into the front with a cheerful grace—
Be quick, or another may take your place,
And you may be left behind.

4. There is work to do by the way, my boy,
That you never can tread again;
Work for the loftiest, lowliest men—
Work for the plough, adze, spindle and pen;
Work for the hands and the brain.

5. The Serpent will follow your steps, my boy,
To lay for your feet a snare;
And Pleasure sits in her fairy bowers,
With garlands of poppies and lotus flowers
Enwreathing her golden hair.

6. Temptations will wait by the way, my boy—
Temptations without and within;
And spirits of evil, in robes as fair
As the holiest angels in Heaven wear,
Will lure you to deadly sin.

7. Then put on the armor of God, my boy,
In the beautiful days of youth;
Put on the helmet, breast-plate and shield,
And the sword that the feeblest arm may wield
In the cause of Right and Truth.

8. And go to the Battle of Life, my boy,
 With the peace of the Gospel shod,
 And before high Heaven, do the best you can
 For the great reward, for the good of man,
 And fight for the glory of God.
-

LESSON V.

STEP HEN TREADWELL.

Fă'vor îte, most loved.

Ĉóm pōsed', made up of.

Pōp'ū lar, generally liked.

Drōll, odd; queer; funny.

Bütt, a mark to be shot at; a person at whom the jests and jokes of the company are aimed.

Făe'ul ty, talent; knack; disposition.

Hū'mor oūs, witty; merry.

Pe eul'iar, one's own; that which belongs to no other.

Găit, manner of walking or stepping.

Lū'di eroūs, laughable; ridiculous.

A favorite sport among the boys at our school in winter, when the snow lay deep upon the ground, was "snapping the whip." The "whip" was composed of as many boys as could be prevailed upon to clasp hands in a line, with the largest and strongest at one end, and the smallest at the other for a "snapper."

2. When all was ready, the leaders set out to run, each dragging the next in size after him. Then, when the whole line was in rapid motion, it was brought up with a broad sweep and a short turn, which was sure to break it at some weak part, and send the little ones flying away, heels over head, into some burying snow-drift.

3. For the end of the "snapper," Step Hen Treadwell was a popular choice; and it was always great fun

to see the vast and ever-increasing strides taken by his very short legs as the whip went round, and then his spreading arms, bulging cheeks, and staring eyes, and flying hair, as he spun off into space, and rolled, a helpless heap, in the snow.

4. Step Hen was a comical little fellow about twelve years old, whose droll figure—he was very short and chubby—clumsy and blundering ways, and woeful want of spirit, had made him the butt of the school. His real name was not Step Hen, of course. It was Stephen; but once having had the ill fortune to meet with it in his reading lesson, with his fatal faculty for blundering, he pronounced it just as it was spelled, and became from that day “Step Hen” to his delighted schoolmates.

5. New comers, thinking the nickname bore some humorous reference to his peculiar style of walking, adopted it at once; and it bid fair to stick to him through life. It thus very often happens that men, in long after years, wear the jocular names which some peculiarity of gait or speech, or some ludicrous mishap, gained for them upon the playground of their school days.

6. Step Hen was often hurt, both in body and mind, by the rough usage of the big boys; but he was so spiritless that a little coaxing or urging could always prevail upon him to join again in their games, almost before his aches were over.

7. One day some boys bent down a stout little hickory tree which grew in the corner of the fence near the school-house, and then cried—“Step Hen! Step Hen! come and help us! We can’t hold it!”

8. Step Hen felt flattered at being called upon to render his powerful assistance. He ran and caught hold of the bent-down top, throwing his whole weight

upon it as if he had been a young giant. Then all the other boys yelling, "Hold on, Step Hen! hold tight, Step Hen!" suddenly let go.

9. Up went the sapling, and up went Step Hen with it, twelve feet or more into the air, when he was, alas! flung off more violently than he was ever snapped from any whip. Whirling over and over, down he came, sprawling upon all fours, in the midst of shrieks of laughter, which suddenly ceased when it was found that he lay perfectly still where he had fallen. A recent thaw had swept away the snow, and his head had struck the frozen ground.

10. The boys ran and picked him up; but his head dropped helplessly to one side, and his face was ashy pale. One shook him and touched his faded cheek with a trembling hand; but the light had gone out of the innocent young eyes, and neither kind words nor cajolery could coax the little heart to beat again. He was dead.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE TRUE LIFE.

So should we live, that every hour
May die as dies the natural flower—
A self-reviving thing of power;
That every thought and every deed
May hold within itself the seed
Of future good and future meed;
Esteeming sorrow, whose employ
Is to develop, not destroy,
Far better than a barren joy.

LORD HOUGHTON.

LESSON VI.

A THUNDER-STORM AT SEA.

Åft (*nautical*), near the stern of a ship; abaft.

Ër'e būs (*myth.*), the region of the dead; a dark and dismal place.

Yärd (*as here used*), a long, round, tapering piece of timber, suspended upon the mast, on which the sail of a ship is extended.

Roy'al (*nautical*), a small sail spread immediately above what is called the top-gallant-sail.

Ėlew (*nautical*), to draw up

to the yard by means of the rigging used for that purpose, as in furling, or folding, sails.

Före'eās tle (*nautical*), that part of the upper deck of a vessel forward of the foremast.

Ėôr'po šānt, an electrical flame, or light, which sometimes hovers about the masts of a ship on stormy nights.

Lär'board, the left side of a ship, when a person stands with his face toward the bow.

Nau'tie al, pertaining to sailors, or to the art of navigation.

THE first night after the trade winds left us, while we were in the latitude of the Island of Cuba, we had a specimen of a true tropical thunder-storm. A light breeze had been blowing from aft during the first part of the night, which gradually died away, and before midnight it was dead calm, and a heavy black cloud had shrouded the whole sky.

2. When our watch came on deck at twelve o'clock, it was as black as Erebus; the studding-sails were all taken in, and the royals furled; not a breath was stirring; the sails hung heavy and motionless from the yards, and the stillness and the darkness, which was almost palpable, were truly appalling. Not a word was spoken, but every one stood as though waiting for something to happen.

3. Soon the mate came forward again, and gave an order, in a low tone, to clew up the main top-gallant sail; and so impressive were the awe and silence that the clew-lines and bunt-lines were hauled up without any singing out at the ropes. An English lad and myself went up to furl it, and we had just got the bunt up, when the mate called out to us something, we did not hear what; but, supposing it to be an order to bear-a-hand, we hurried and made all fast, and came down, feeling our way among the rigging.

4. When we got down we found all hands looking aloft, and there, directly over where we had been standing, upon the main top-gallant mast-head, was a ball of light, which the sailors call a corposant (*corpo santo*), and which the mate had called out to us to look at. They were all watching it carefully, for sailors have a notion that if the corposant rises in the rigging it is a sign of fair weather, but if it comes lower down there will be a storm.

5. Unfortunately, as an omen, it came down, and showed itself on the top-gallant yard-arm. We were off the yard in good season, for it is held a fatal sign to have the pale light of the corposant thrown upon one's face. As it was, the English lad did not feel comfortable at having had it so near him, and directly over his head.

6. In a few minutes it disappeared, and showed itself again on the fore top-gallant yard, and, after playing about for some time, disappeared once more, when the man on the forecastle pointed to it upon the flying-jib-boom end. But our attention was drawn from watching this by the falling of some drops of rain, and by a perceptible increase of the darkness, which seemed suddenly to add a new shade of blackness to the night.

7. In a few minutes, low, grumbling thunder was heard, and some random flashes of lightning came from the south-west. Every sail was taken in but the topsails; still, no squall appeared to be coming. A few puffs-lifted the topsails, but they fell again to the mast, and all was as still as ever. A moment more, and a terrific flash and peal broke simultaneously upon us, and a cloud appeared to open directly over our heads, and let down the water in one body, like a falling ocean.

8. We stood motionless, and almost stupefied; yet nothing had been struck. Peal after peal rattled over our heads, with a sound which seemed actually to stop the breath in the body, and the "speedy gleams" kept the whole ocean in a glare of light. The violent fall of rain lasted but a few minutes, and was followed by occasional drops and showers; but the lightning continued incessant for several hours, breaking the midnight darkness with irregular and blinding flashes.

9. During all this time there was not a breath stirring, and we lay motionless, like a mark to be shot at, probably the only object on the surface of the ocean for miles and miles.

10. A ship is not often injured by lightning, for the electricity is separated by the great number of points she presents, and the quantity of iron which she has scattered in various parts. The electric fluid ran over our anchors, topsail sheets, and ties, yet no harm was done to us, and when, at seven bells, the customary "All the larboard watch, ahoy!" brought us on deck, it was a fine, clear, sunny morning, the ship going leisurely along, with a soft breeze and all sail set.

R. H. DANA, JR.

LESSON VII.

THE ANT AND THE CRICKET.

Ac cūs'tomed, used.

Cup - board (kub'urd), a
closet in which food is kept.

Fām'ine, scarcity of food.

Wick'et, a little gate.

I.

A SILLY young cricket, accustomed to sing
Through the warm sunny months of gay summer and spring,
Began to complain, when he found that at home
His cupboard was empty, and winter was come.

Not a crumb to be found

On the snow-covered ground;

Not a flower could he see,

Not a leaf on a tree;

"Oh, what will become," said the cricket, "of me?"

II.

At last, by starvation and famine made bold,
All dripping with wet, and all trembling with cold,
Away he set off to a miserly ant,
To see if, to keep him alive, he would grant
Him shelter from rain,
And a mouthful of grain.
He wished only to borrow,
And repay it to-morrow:

If not, he must die of starvation and sorrow.

III.

Said the ant to the cricket, "I'm your servant and friend;
But we ants never borrow, we ants never lend.
But tell me, dear sir, did you lay nothing by
When the weather was warm?" Said the cricket, "Not I!

My heart was so light

That I sang day and night,

For all nature looked gay."

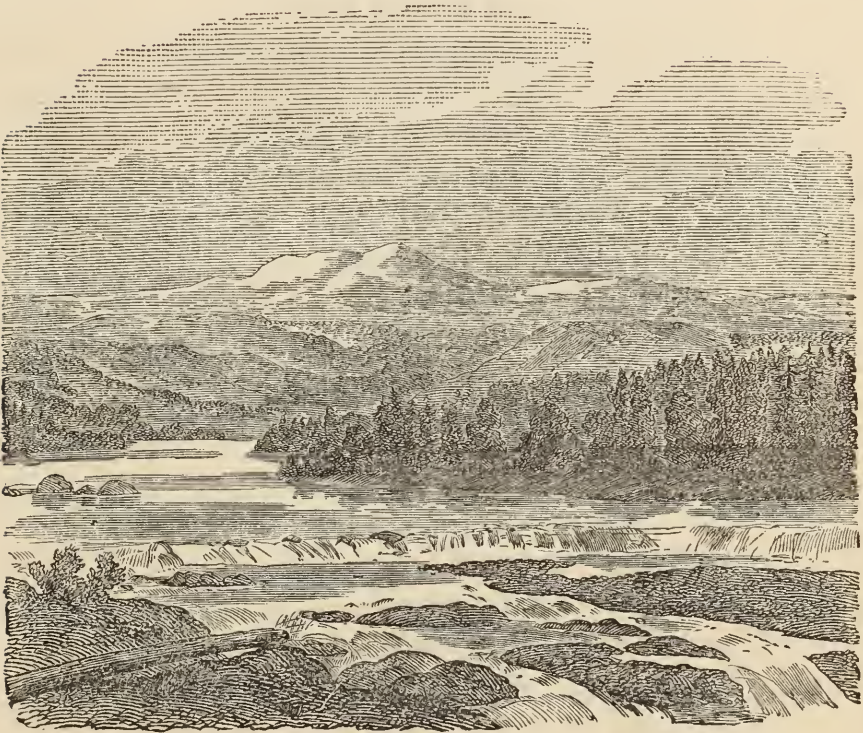
"You sang, sir, you say?

Go, then," said the ant, "and dance winter away."

Thus ending, he hastily opened the wicket,
And out of the door turned the poor little cricket.

IV.

Though this is a fable, the moral is good:
If you live without work, you will go without food.

LESSON VIII.

BEAUTIFUL WILLAMETTE.

FROM the Cascades' frozen gorges,
Leaping like a child at play,
Winding, widening through the valley,
Bright Willamette glides away :

Onward ever,
 Lovely river,
 Softly calling to the sea;
 Time that scars us,
 Maims and mars us,
 Leaves no track or trench on thee!

2. Spring's green witchery is weaving
 Braid and border for thy side;
 Grace forever haunts thy journey,
 Beauty dimples on thy tide.
 Through the purple gates of morning,
 Now thy roseate ripples dance;
 Golden, then, when day departing,
 On thy waters trails his lance;
 Waltzing, flashing,
 Tinkling, plashing,
 Limpid, volatile and free—
 Always hurried
 To be buried
 In the bitter, moon-mad sea.
3. In thy crystal deeps, inverted,
 Swings a picture of the sky,
 Like those wavering hopes of Aidenn
 Dimly in our dreams that lie;
 Clouded often, drowned in turmoil,
 Faint and lovely, far away—
 Wreathing sunshine on the morrow,
 Breathing fragrance round to-day.
 Love would wander
 Here and ponder—
 Hither poetry would dream;
 Life's old questions,
 Sad suggestions,
 " Whence and whither?" throng thy stream.

4. On the roaring wastes of ocean,
 Soon thy scattered waves shall toss;
 'Mid the surges' rhythmic thunder
 Shall thy silver tongues be lost.
 Oh! thy glimmering rush of gladness
 Mocks this turbid life of mine,
 Racing to the wild Forever,
 Down the sloping paths of Time!
 Onward ever,
 Lovely river,
 Softly calling to the sea;
 Time that scars us,
 Maims and mars us,
 Leaves no track or trench on thee!

SAM. L. SIMPSON.

LESSON IX.

A NEVADA QUARTZ-MILL.

PART FIRST.

A māl'gam āte, to mix or compound, as quicksilver with silver and gold.

Sūl'phate, a salt formed by sulphuric acid in combination with any base; as, sulphate of copper.

Chārged, prepared.

Ae eū'mu lā'tions, gatherings.

Glōb'ūles, small, round particles of matter.

Chēm'ie al, pertaining to that science which treats of the composition of substances, and the changes they undergo.

Ĉon'di ment, seasoning; as, pepper, mustard.

Freight'ed, filled; loaded.

THE young man who sets out in this commercial age with the worldly lust of wealth in his heart, ought to take his first lesson in a Nevada quartz-mill. It is hard enough to get money even after it has been poured into the lap of Trade as stamped and glittering

coin; but to appreciate its value properly one must know something of the dangers and difficulties involved in its original rescue from rock and soil. I had already learned how hard, and long, and dismal a task it is to burrow down into the bowels of the earth and get out the coveted ore; and now I learned that the burrowing was only half of the work, and that to get the silver out of the ore was the dreary and laborious other half of it.

2. We had to turn out at six in the morning, and keep at it till dark. The mill in which we worked was a six-stamp affair, driven by steam. Six tall, upright rods of iron (the stamps), as large as a man's ankle, and heavily shod with a mass of iron and steel at their lower ends, were framed together like a gate, and these rose and fell, one after the other, in a ponderous dance, in an iron box called a "battery."

3. Each of these rods, or stamps, weighed six hundred pounds. One of us stood by the battery all day long, breaking up masses of silver-bearing rock with a sledge, and shoveling it into the battery. The ceaseless dance of the stamps pulverized the rock to a powder, and a stream of water that trickled into the battery turned it to a creamy paste.

4. The minutest particles were driven through a fine wire screen which fitted close around the battery, and were washed into great tubs warmed by superheated steam—amalgamating pans they are called. The mass of pulp in the pans was kept constantly stirred up by revolving mullers.

5. A quantity of quicksilver was always kept in the battery, and this seized some of the liberated gold and silver particles and held on to them. Quicksilver was also shaken in a fine shower into the pans about every half hour, through a buckskin sack.

6. Quantities of coarse salt and sulphate of copper were added from time to time, to assist the amalgamation by destroying the base metals which coated the gold and silver, and would not let them unite with the quicksilver. All these tiresome things we had to attend to constantly.

7. Streams of dirty water flowed always from the pans, and were carried off in broad, wooden troughs to the ravine. One would not suppose that atoms of gold and silver would float on the surface of six inches of water, but they did; and, in order to catch them, coarse blankets were laid in the troughs, and little, obstructing ripples, charged with quicksilver, were placed here and there across the troughs also, to catch the gold and silver.

8. These ripples had to be cleaned, and the blankets washed out every evening, to get their precious accumulations; and still, after all this eternity of trouble, one third of the silver and gold in a ton of rock would find its way to the end of the troughs in the ravine, at last, and have to be worked over again some day.

9. Every now and then, during the day, we had to scoop some pulp out of the pans and wash it tediously in a horn spoon, wash it little by little over the edge, till at last nothing was left but some little, dull globules of quicksilver in the bottom.

10. If these tiny globules were soft and yielding, the pan needed some salt or sulphate of copper, or some other chemical condiment, to assist digestion. If they were crisp to the touch and would retain a dint, they were freighted with all the gold and silver they could seize and hold, and consequently the pans needed a fresh charge of quicksilver.

LESSON X.

A NEVADA QUARTZ-MILL.

PART SECOND.

Čöm păet', firm; close; solid.

Fa čil'i ty, ease.

Săt' ū rātes, completely fills
and soaks.

Re tōrt', a vessel in which sub-
stances are melted or decom-
posed by heat.

Vā'por, the gaseous form of a
substance which is ordinarily
liquid or solid.

Pro pōr'tions, relative parts
or quantities.

Rěq'ui šī'tion, demand; use.

Čhēm'is try, that science which
treats of the composition of
substances, and the changes
they undergo.

Sěn'si tive, easily affected.

Com přess'ing, forcing to-
gether, or pressing into smaller
space.

Pōres, minute openings.

So lū'tion, state of being dis-
solved.

Ab sōrbed', drawn in; taken
up, as water into a sponge.

AT the end of the week, the machinery was stopped and we cleaned up, that is to say, we got the pulp out of the pans and batteries, and washed the mud patiently away until nothing was left but the mass of quicksilver, with its imprisoned treasures.

2. This we made into heavy, compact snow balls, and piled them up in a bright, luxurious heap for inspection. Making these snow balls cost me a fine gold ring, that and ignorance together; for the quicksilver invaded the ring with the same facility with which water saturates a sponge, separated its particles, and the ring crumbled to pieces.

3. We put our pile of quicksilver balls into an iron retort that had a pipe leading from it to a pail of water,

and then applied a roasting heat. The quicksilver, turned to vapor, escaped through the pipe into the pail, and the cold water condensed it into good, wholesome quicksilver again; for quicksilver is very costly, and they never waste it.

4. On opening the retort, there was our week's work, a lump of pure, white, frosty-looking silver, twice as large as a man's head. Perhaps a fifth of the mass was gold, but the color of it did not show—would not have shown if two thirds of it had been gold. We then melted it up and made a solid brick of it by pouring it into an iron brick-mould.

5. From these bricks a little corner was chipped off for the "fire-assay," a method used to determine the proportions of gold, silver, and base metals in the mass. This is an interesting process, and calls into requisition some of the wonders of chemistry.

6. The silver chip is first hammered out as thin as paper, and then weighed in scales so fine and sensitive, that if you weigh a two-inch scrap of paper on them, and then write your name on the paper with a coarse, soft pencil and weigh it again, the scales will take marked notice of the addition.

7. Then a little lead, also weighed, is rolled up with the flake of silver, and the two are melted, at a great heat, in a small vessel called a cupel, made by compressing bone ashes into a cup-shape in a steel mould.

8. The base metals oxidize and are absorbed, with the lead, into the pores of the cupel. A globule or button of perfectly pure gold and silver is left behind, and, by weighing it and noting the loss, the assayer knows the proportion of base metal the brick contains.

9. He has to separate the gold from the silver now. The button is hammered out flat and thin, put into

the furnace, and kept some time at a red heat. After cooling it off, it is rolled up like a quill and heated in a glass vessel containing nitric acid; the acid dissolves the silver and leaves the gold pure and ready to be weighed on its own merits.

10. Then salt water is poured into the vessel containing the silver in solution, and the silver returns to its solid form again and sinks to the bottom. Nothing now remains but to weigh it; then the proportions of the several metals contained in the brick are known, and its value is stamped upon its surface.

MARK TWAIN.

LESSON XI.

THE GREAT WHITE OWL.

Stärk, rugged; stiff.

Häunts, places of resort.

Äre'tie, far north; under the
northern constellation, called
the *Bear*.

Es'ki mo, pertaining to the
tribes inhabiting Arctic Amer-
ica and Greenland.

Mär'vel oŭs, wonderful.

HE sat aloft on a rocky height,
Snow-white above the snow,
In the winter morning calm and bright,
And I gazed at him below.

2. He faced the east where the sunshine streamed
On the singing, sparkling sea,
And he blinked with his yellow eyes that seemed
All sightless and blank to be !

3. The snow-birds swept in a whirling crowd
About him gleefully,
And piped and whistled sweet and loud,
But never a plume stirred he.
4. Singing they passed, and away they flew
Through the brilliant atmosphere ;
Cloud-like he sat with the living blue
Of the sky behind him, clear.
5. "Give you good morrow, friend!" I cried.
He whirled his large round head,
Solemn and stately from side to side,
But never a word he said.
6. "O lonely creature, weird and white,
Why are you sitting there,
Like a glimmering ghost from the still midnight,
In the beautiful morning air?"
7. He spurned the rock with his talons strong,
No human speech brooked he ;
Like a snow-flake huge he sped along,
Swift and noiselessly.
8. His wide, slow-waving wings so white
Heavy and soft did seem,
Yet rapid as a dream his flight,
And silent as a dream.
9. And when a distant crag he gained,
Bright, twinkling as a star,
He shook his shining plumes and deigned
To watch me from afar.

10. And once again, when the evening red
 Burned dimly in the west,
I saw him, motionless, his head
 Bent forward on his breast.
11. Dark and still 'gainst the sunset sky
 Stood out his figure lone,
Crowning the bleak rock, far and high,
 By sad winds overblown.
12. Did he dream of the ice-fields, stark and drear,
 Of his haunts on the Arctic shore?
Or the downy brood in his nest last year
 On the coast of Labrador?
13. Had he fluttered the Eskimo huts among?
 How I wished he could speak to me!
Had he sailed on the icebergs, rainbow-hung,
 In the open Polar Sea?
14. O, many a tale he might have told
 Of marvelous sounds and sights,
Where the world lies hopeless and dumb with cold,
 Through desolate days and nights.
15. But with folded wings, while the darkness fell,
 He sat, nor spoke nor stirred,
And chained, as if by a subtile spell,
 I mused on the wondrous bird.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

LESSON XII.

OBSERVATION.

Dēr'vise, a Turkish monk.

Ĉā'dī, a judge in civil affairs
among the Turks.

Sôr'çer er, a conjurer; a ma-
gician.

Am'ple, abundant.

Ob'sēr vā'tion, the act or pow-
er of taking notice.

Hērb'age, grass and herbs.

Grāzed, fed, as cattle do.

Tūft, a collection or bunch.

A DERVISE was journeying alone in a desert, when two merchants suddenly met him. "You have lost a camel," said he to the merchants. "Indeed we have," they replied.

2. "Was he not blind in his right eye, and lame in his left leg?" said the dervise. "He was," replied the merchants. "And was he not loaded with honey on one side, and with wheat on the other?" "Most certainly he was," they replied; "and, as you have seen him so lately, and marked him so particularly, you can, in all probability, conduct us to him."

3. "My friends," said the dervise, "I have never seen your camel, nor ever heard of him, but from you!" "A pretty story, truly," said the merchants; "but where are the jewels which formed a part of his burden?" "I have seen neither your camel nor your jewels," repeated the dervise.

4. On this, they seized his person, and forthwith hurried him before the cadi; but, on the strictest search, nothing could be found upon him, nor could any evidence whatever be adduced, to convict him either of falsehood or of theft.

5. They were about to proceed against him as a sorcerer, when the dervise with great calmness thus addressed the court:—"I have been much amused with your surprise, and own that there has been some ground for your suspicions; but I have lived long and alone, and I can find ample scope for observation even in a desert.

6. "I knew that I had crossed the track of a camel that had strayed from its owner, because I saw no mark of any human footstep on the same route. I knew that the animal was blind of an eye, because it had cropped the herbage only on one side of its path; and that it was lame in one leg, from the faint impression which that particular foot had produced upon the sand.

7. "I concluded that the animal had lost one tooth, because, wherever it had grazed, a small tuft of herbage had been left uninjured in the center of its bite. As to that which formed the burden of the beast, the busy ants informed me that it was corn on the one side; and the clustering flies, that it was honey on the other."

COLTON.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar:
I love not Man the less, but Nature more.

BYRON.

LESSON XIII.

MADROÑO.

Robin Hood, a famous English outlaw.	Sŷl'van, of or pertaining to a forest.
Gal lănt', a gay, courtly, or fashionable man.	Măś'quer āde', an assembly of persons wearing masks, and amusing themselves with dancing and conversation.
Glāde, an open or cleared space in a forest.	Hār'le quĭn, a clown dressed in many-colored clothes.
Fěr'vid, very hot; burning.	Tran sĉënd', to surpass; excel.
Săck'elōth, a garment worn in mourning.	Söm'ber, dark; gloomy.
Döff, to put off, as a dress.	

CAPTAIN of the western wood,
 Thou thatapest Robin Hood!
 Green above thy scarlet hose,
 How thy velvet mantle shows!
 Never tree like thee arrayed,
 Oh, thou gallant of the glade!

2. When the fervid August sun
 Scorches all it looks upon,
 And the balsam of the pine
 Drips from stem to needle fine,
 Round thy compact shade arranged,
 Not a leaf of thee is changed!
3. When the yellow autumn sun
 Saddens all it looks upon,
 Spreads its sackcloth on the hills,
 Strews its ashes in the rills,

Thou thy scarlet hose dost doff,
 And, in limbs of purest buff,
 Challengest the somber glade
 For a sylvan masquerade.

4. Where, oh ! where shall he begin,
 Who would paint thee, Harlequin?
 With thy waxen burnished leaf,
 With thy branches' red relief,
 With thy poly-tinted fruit,
 In thy spring or autumn suit,
 Where begin, and oh ! where end,
 Thou whose charms all art transcend ?

BRET HARTE.

LESSON XIV.

THE ORIGIN OF FIRE.

AN INDIAN MYTH.

Qui chés (Kee-chés), a tribe
 of Indians.

Mÿth'ie al, fanciful; imaginary.

Ėoÿ ō'te (kī ō'te), a species
 of wolf.

Tra di'tions, things transmitted
 by word of mouth from father
 to son, or from ancestors to
 posterity.

Chār ē'ya, an Indian deity.

Sū'per sti'tion, belief in signs,
 omens, and mysterious things.

Lār'çe ny, theft.

Mēm'o ra ble, worthy to be
 remembered.

Gäunt, lean, as with hunger.

Ae eöm'plīçe, a partner; an
 assistant.

Dī shēv'eled, disordered; as,
 disordered hair.

Är'tī fiçe, a trick; a fraud.

Chöp'py, full of clefts or cracks.

Souve'nir' (soov'neer'), a
 keepsake.

Çau'dal, pertaining to a tail.

VARIOUS mythical accounts exist among the na-
 tive races of the Pacific States, regarding the

origin of fire. The Quiches, for instance, believe their fire to have come from a stroke of Tohil's sandal on the earth. Tohil was the great god of the Quiches. To the efforts of the mysterious coyote, again, do some of the ruder tribes believe themselves indebted for this means of warming their bodies and cooking their food. The traditions are valuable as exhibiting the grotesqueness of savage superstition.

2. The Cahrocs of Northern California hold, that when, in the beginning, the creator, Chareya, made fire, he gave it into the custody of two hideous old hags, lest the Cahrocs should steal it. And this is precisely what their firm friend, the coyote, set out to do for their advantage.

3. The cunning brute laid his schemes for the memorable larceny in this wise. From the home of the Cahrocs to the hut of the guardian hags, he stationed, at convenient distances, a long line of animals—the strongest nearest the den of the old witches, the weakest and smallest farthest removed. Lastly he hid an Indian in the neighborhood of the hut, and, having left the man particular directions how to act, trotted up to the cabin door and begged protection from the cold.

4. The hags, suspecting nothing, allowed him to enter; so he stretched his gaunt figure before the fire, and made himself as comfortable as possible, waiting for the further action of his human accomplice without. In good time, the man made a furious attack on the beldams' hut, and instantly the two disheveled furies rushed forth to repel the assailant.

5. It was the coyote's opportunity; in an instant he had seized a brand from the fire, in another instant he was in flight. The hags discovered the artifice at once, and gave swift and impetuous chase. Hard had it

fared with the coyote then, had he trusted to his single speed, but the well-posted relays came in, and not too soon, to his succor and relief.

6. Just as he was ready to drop with fatigue, the cougar relieved him of his precious charge; and, as the coyote sank exhausted on the ground, he had the satisfaction of seeing the great lithe cat leap away, and the hags gnashing their choppy gums with vexation as they passed, hard in pursuit, on the long trail of flying sparks.

7. The cougar passed the brand to the bear; the bear to his neighbor, and so on from post to post of the wild express. Down all the long line of faithful messengers, the flying witches plied their weary limbs in vain, only two little mishaps occurring among the animals that made up the train of carriers.

8. The squirrel, last but one of the motley file, burned his tail so badly, that it curled up over his back, where it has since had a tendency to remain. Last of all, the poor frog received the brand, burned down by this time to a little piece, and he made such bad time that the weary hags gained upon him, gained, gained—all was lost! No : just as the hags seized him, he swallowed the bit of fire, and leaped for the water.

9. A tadpole before, he escaped, like Tom O'Shanter's mare, "with scarce a stump," leaving the principal portion of his caudal ornament with the witches as a souvenir of their defeat. He then swam a long way under water—as long as he could bear to remain without air—and coming up near the shore, spat out the precious spark upon a piece of drift-wood. And this is why, say the Cahrocs, fire may always be produced by the rubbing of two dry sticks together.

H. H. BANCROFT'S *Native Races*.

LESSON XV.

IN SCHOOL-DAYS.

Of fi'cial, pertaining to an of- fice or an officer.	Frēt'ting, a kind of ornamental work in architecture.
Warp'ing, twisting out of shape.	Sin'gled, selected; chosen.
Frēs'coes, paintings on walls.	

STILL sits the school-house by the road,
 A ragged beggar sunning;
 Around it still the sumachs grow,
 And blackberry vines are running.

2. Within, the master's desk is seen,
 Deep scarred by raps official;
 The warping floor, the battered seats,
 The jack-knife's carved initial;
3. The charcoal frescoes on its wall;
 Its door's worn sill, betraying
 The feet that, creeping slow to school,
 Went storming out to playing!
4. Long years ago a winter sun
 Shone over it at setting;
 Lit up its western window-panes,
 And low eaves' icy fretting.
5. It touched the tangled golden curls,
 And brown eyes full of grieving,
 Of one who still her steps delayed
 When all the school were leaving.

6. And near her stood the little boy,
Her childish favor singled ;
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.
7. Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered ;
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.
8. He saw her lift her eyes ; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing :
9. "I'm sorry that I spelt the word :
I hate to go above you,
Because,"—the brown eyes lower fell—
"Because, you see, I love you !"
10. Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child-face is showing;
Dear girl ! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing.
11. He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss,
Like her—because they love him.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

LESSON XVI.

THE FATE OF THE INDIANS.

Ex alt', to elevate and improve.

Em bēl'lish es, adorns; makes
beautiful.

Un scāred', without fear.

Dusk'y, dark-colored.

Sēdg'y, overgrown with grass
and reeds.

Wig'wam, Indian's hut.

War'bler, singer; here, a bird.

Pin'ion (pin'yun), wing.

Ad'o rā'tion, worship.

Ușûrped', taken possession of.

Pro gēn'i tors, ancestors, fore-
fathers.

Bāl'lād, a popular song.

Great Spirit, the Indian name
for God.

Ac knōwl'edged, owned, ad-
mitted.

NOT many generations ago, where you now sit en-
circled with all that exalts and embellishes civil-
ized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind, and the
wild fox dug his hole unscared. Here lived and loved
another race of beings. Beneath the same sun that
rolls over your heads, the Indian hunter pursued the
panting deer; gazing on the same moon that smiles for
you, the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate.

2. Here the wigwam-blaze beamed on the tender and
helpless, the council-fire glared on the wise and daring.
Now they dipped their noble limbs in your sedgy lakes,
and now they paddled the light canoe along your rocky
shores. Here they warred; the echoing whoop, the
bloody grapple, the defying death-song, all were here;
and, when the tiger-strife was over, here curled the
smoke of peace.

3. Here, too, they worshiped; and from many a
dark bosom went up a pure prayer to the Great Spirit.
He had not written his laws for them on tables of stone,
but he had traced them on the tables of their hearts.

The poor child of nature knew not the God of revelation, but the God of the universe he acknowledged in everything around.

4. He beheld Him in the star that sunk in beauty behind his lonely dwelling; in the sacred orb that flamed on him from his midday throne; in the flower that snapped in the morning breeze; in the lofty pine that defied a thousand whirlwinds; in the timid warbler that never left its native grove; in the fearless eagle whose untired pinion was wet in clouds; in the worm that crawled at his feet; and in his own matchless form, glowing with a spark of that light to whose mysterious source he bent, in humble, though blind, adoration.

5. And all this has passed away. Across the ocean came a pilgrim bark, bearing the seeds of life and death. The former were sown for you; the latter sprang up in the path of the simple native. Two hundred years have changed the character of a great continent, and blotted forever from its face a whole peculiar people. Art has usurped the bowers of nature, and the children of education have been too powerful for the tribes of the ignorant.

6. Here and there a stricken few remain; but how unlike their bold, untamed, untamable progenitors! The Indian of falcon glance and lion bearing—the theme of the touching ballad, the hero of the pathetic tale—is gone, and his degraded offspring crawl upon the soil where he walked in majesty, to remind us how miserable is man when the foot of the conqueror is on his neck.

7. As a race, they have withered from the land. Their arrows are broken, their springs are dried up, their cabins are in the dust. Their council-fire has long since gone out on the shore, and their war-cry is fast

dying away to the untrodden west. Slowly and sadly they climb the distant mountains, and read their doom in the setting sun. They are shrinking before the mighty tide which is pressing them away. They must soon hear the roar of the last wave which will settle over them forever.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

LESSON XVII.

BRIMSTONE MORNING AT DOTHEBOYS HALL.

Ɔöm'pound, a mixture of different things.	Mōt'ley, composed of many different colors.
Trēa'ele, a very poor quality of molasses.	As sō'cī ā'ted, joined; united.
In stall'ment, a stated part.	Ex traôr'di na ry, unusual; beyond what is customary.
Ɔôr'po ral, relating to the body.	Mī nūte', very small.
Măn'ū fāet'ured, made by the hand or machinery.	Ap pre hēn'sion, knowledge; conception.
An tīç'i pā'tion, expectation.	

MRS. Squeers stood at one of the desks, presiding over an immense basin of brimstone and treacle, of which delicious compound she administered a large installment to each boy in succession, using for the purpose a common wooden spoon, which might have been originally manufactured for some gigantic top, and which widened every young gentleman's mouth considerably, they being all obliged, under heavy corporal penalties, to take in the whole of the bowl at a gasp.

2. There was a long row of boys waiting, with countenances of no pleasant anticipation, to be treacled, and

another file who had just escaped from the infliction, making a variety of wry mouths indicative of any thing but satisfaction. The whole were attired in such motley, ill-assorted, extraordinary garments, as would have been irresistibly ridiculous, but for the foul appearance of dirt, disorder, and disease, with which they were associated.

3. "Now," said Squeers, giving the desk a great rap with his cane, which made half the little boys nearly jump out of their boots, "is that business over?"

"Just over," said Mrs. Squeers, choking the last boy in her hurry, and tapping the crown of his head with the wooden spoon to restore him. "Here, you Smike; take away now. Look sharp."

4. Smike shuffled out with the basin, and Mrs. Squeers, having called up a little boy with a curly head, and wiped her hands upon it, hurried after him into a species of wash-house, where there was a small fire and a large kettle, together with a number of little wooden bowls which were arranged upon a board.

5. Into these bowls Mrs. Squeers, assisted by the hungry servant, poured a brown composition which looked like diluted pincushions without the covers, and was called porridge. A minute wedge of brown bread was inserted in each bowl, and when they had eaten their porridge by means of the bread, the boys ate the bread itself, and had finished their breakfast; whereupon Mr. Squeers said, in a solemn voice, "For what we have received may the Lord make us truly thankful!"—and went away to his own.

6. After some half-hour's delay Mr. Squeers re-appeared, and the boys took their places and their books, of which latter commodity the average might be about one to eight learners. A few minutes having elapsed,

during which Mr. Squeers looked very profound, as if he had a perfect apprehension of what was inside all the books, and could say every word of their contents by heart if he only chose to take the trouble, that gentleman called up the first class.

7. Obedient to this summons, there ranged themselves in front of the schoolmaster's desk half-a-dozen scarecrows, out at knees and elbows, one of whom placed a torn and filthy book beneath his learned eye.

8. "This is the first class in English spelling and philosophy, Nickleby," said Squeers, beckoning Nicholas to stand beside him. "We'll get up a Latin one, and hand that over to you. Now, then, where's the first boy?"

"Please, Sir, he's cleaning the back parlor window," said the temporary head of the philosophical class.

9. "So he is, to be sure," rejoined Squeers. "We go upon the practical mode of teaching, Nickleby; the regular education system. C-l-e-a-n, clean, verb active, to make bright, to scour. W-i-n, win, d-e-r, der, win-der, a casement. When the boy knows this out of book, he goes and does it. It's just the same principle as the use of the globes. Where's the second boy?"

10. "Please, Sir, he's weeding the garden," replied a small voice.

"To be sure," said Squeers, by no means disconcerted. "So he is. B-o-t, bot, t-i-n, tin, bottin, n-e-y, ney, bottinney, noun substantive, a knowledge of plants. When he has learned that bottinney means a knowledge of plants, he goes and knows 'em. That's our system, Nickleby: what do you think of it?"

11. "It's a very useful one, at any rate," answered Nicholas, significantly.

"I believe you," rejoined Squeers, not remarking

the emphasis of his usher. "Third boy, what's a horse?"

12. "A beast, Sir," replied the boy.

"So it is," said Squeers. "Ain't it, Nickleby?"

"I believe there is no doubt of that, Sir," answered Nicholas.

13. "Of course there isn't," said Squeers.

"A horse is a quadruped, and quadruped's Latin for beast, as everybody that's gone through the grammar knows, or else where's the use of having grammars at all?"

14. "Where, indeed!" said Nicholas, abstractedly.

"As you're perfect in that," resumed Squeers, turning to the boy, "go and look after mine, and rub him down well, or I'll rub you down. The rest of the class go and draw water up, till somebody tells you to leave off, for it's washing-day to-morrow, and they want the coppers filled."

15. So saying, he dismissed the first class to their experiments in practical philosophy, and eyed Nicholas with a look, half cunning and half doubtful, as if he were not altogether certain what he might think of him by this time.

"That's the way we teach school here, Nickleby," he said, after a pause.

CHAS. DICKENS.

NOTE.—In the above lesson, and in all succeeding lessons where provincialisms, colloquialisms, or dialect, occur, the teacher should call the attention of the class to all errors in grammar, spelling and pronunciation, and have them corrected. This course will obviate all danger of false impressions on those subjects, and render the exercises of real value to the student. While literature of this kind should not be too fully represented in a School Reader, we are inclined to think that the insipid primness affected by some authors is founded in a mistaken idea.

LESSON XVIII.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

Grĕn'a diĕrs', tall, stout soldiers.	to a permanent or standing army.
Stĕalth'y, done by stealth; secret; unseen.	Ĝild'ed, having the color of gold.
Im pĕt'ū oŭs, quick; violent.	E mĕrĝe', to come forth; to issue and appear.
Glĭm'mer, a faint, trembling light.	Rĕd'eōats, soldiers who wear red coats; English soldiers.
Wĕath'er eock, a weather-vane, so called because it used often to be in the figure of a cock, turning on the top of a spire with the wind, and showing its direction.	Lănd'sĕape, a portion of land or territory which the eye can take in at one view, including all the objects it contains.
Rĕĝ'ū lars, soldiers belonging	Spĕe'tral, pertaining to a specter; ghostly.

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear
 Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
 On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-Five:
 Hardly a man is now alive
 Who remembers that famous day and year.

2. He said to his friend—"If the British march
 By land or sea from the town to-night,
 Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry-arch
 Of the North-Church tower, as a signal-light,—
 One if by land, and two if by sea;
 And I on the opposite shore will be,
 Ready to ride and spread the alarm
 Through every Middlesex village and farm,
 For the country-folk to be up and to arm."
3. Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
 Wanders and watches with eager ears,
 Till in the silence around him he hears

The muster of men at the barrack-door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers
Marching down to their boats on the shore. [Church,
Then he climbed to the tower of the Old North
Up the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead.

4. Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride,
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed on the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
5. But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely, and spectral, and somber, and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!
6. A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed that flies fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, thro' the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by the steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

7. It was twelve by the village clock,
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
It was one by the village clock,
When he rode into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.
8. You know the rest. In the books you have read
How the British regulars fired and fled,—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard-wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.
9. So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm,—
A cry of defiance, and not of fear,—
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo for evermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness, and peril, and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beat of that steed,
And the midnight-message of Paul Revere.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

LESSON XIX.

THE ESKIMOS AND THEIR FROZEN LAND.

PART FIRST.

Es' kī mōs, inhabitants of the Arctic regions.	In-čip'i ent, beginning ; as, the incipient light of day.
A nōm'a loūs, deviating from a general rule.	Glā'cial, pertaining to ice, or its action; icy.
Ī dēn'tie al, the same; not different.	Stēppe, an elevated plain or prairie.
Līn'e ar, in a straight line.	Rēs'o nant, resounding, echoing.
En erōach'ment, the act of entering gradually on the rights or possessions of another.	Ex-ū'ber ant, plenteous; rich; abundant.
Im pēn'e tra ble, incapable of being penetrated or pierced.	Čir'eu lā'tion, the act of moving in a circle; as, the circulation of blood.
Čōn gē'ni al, naturally adapted or suited.	Sōl'i tūde, a lonely place ; the state of being alone.
Sūb'ter rā'ne oūs, being or lying under the surface of the earth.	Tēm'per a tūre, degree of heat or cold.
Rā'di ate, to emit or send out, as rays of light or heat.	Ho rī'zon, the apparent meeting of the earth and sky around the circle of vision.
Au'di ble, loud enough to be heard.	Ūn'du lā'tion, a waving motion or vibration.
Priš māt'ie, relating to a prism; made up of the seven colors into which light is resolved in passing through a prism.	Mēd'ley, a mixture; a mingled and confused mass of things.
Čōr'us eā'tions, flashes of light.	Ān'i mā'ted, full of life; vigorous; lively.
Ōs'čil lā'tions, movements backward and forward.	Ėm'e rald, of a rich green color, like the emerald.
Mȳr'i ad, immense numbers.	

THE Eskimos are a strange people. Their character and their condition, the one of necessity growing out of the other, are peculiar. First, it is claimed for

them that they are the anomalous race of America—the only people of the New World clearly identical with any race of the Old.

2. Then they are more confined to the sea-shore than any other people in the world. The linear extent of their occupancy, all of it a narrow seaboard averaging scarcely one hundred miles in width, is estimated at not less than five thousand miles. Before them is a vast, unknown, icy ocean, upon which they scarcely dare venture beyond sight of land; behind them are hostile mountaineers ever ready to dispute encroachment.

3. Their very mother earth, upon whose cold bosom they have been borne age after age through countless generations, is sheathed in almost impenetrable, thawless ice. Their days and nights, and seasons and years, are not like those of other men. Six months of day succeed six months of night: three months of sunless winter; three months of nightless summer; six months of glimmering twilight.

4. About the middle of October begins the long night of winter. The earth and sea put on an icy covering; beasts and birds depart for regions sheltered or more congenial; humanity huddles in subterranean dens; all nature sinks into repose. The little heat left by the retreating sun soon radiates out into the deep blue realms of space; the temperature sinks rapidly to forty or fifty degrees below freezing; the air is hushed, the ocean calm, the sky without a cloud.

5. An awful, painful stillness pervades the dreary solitude. Not a sound is heard; the distant din of busy man, and the subdued hum of the wilderness, alike are wanting. Whispers become audible at a considerable distance, and the insupportable sense of loneliness oppresses the inexperienced visitor.

6. Occasionally the *aurora borealis* flashes out in prismatic coruscations, throwing a brilliant arch from east to west: now in variegated oscillations, changing through all the various tints of blue, green, violet, and crimson; darting, flashing, or streaming in yellow columns, upwards, downwards; now blazing steadily, now in wavy undulations;—momentarily lighting up in majestic grandeur the cheerless, frozen scenery, only to fall back dead and extinguished—leaving a denser gloom.

7. In January, the brilliancy of the stars is dimmed perceptibly at noon; in February, a golden tint rests upon the horizon at the same hour; in March, the incipient dawn broadens; in April, the dozing Eskimo rubs his eyes and crawls forth; in May, the snow begins to melt, and the impatient grass and flowers arrive as it departs.

8. In June, the summer has fairly come. Under the incessant rays of the never-setting sun, the snow speedily disappears, the ice breaks up, the glacial earth softens for a depth of one, two, or three feet; circulation is restored to vegetation, which, during winter, had been stopped,—if we may believe Sir John Richardson, even the largest trees freezing to the heart.

9. Sea, and plain, and rolling steppe lay aside their seamless shroud of white, and a brilliant tint of emerald overspreads the landscape. Awakened Nature, with one resounding cry, leaps up and claps her hands for joy. Flocks of birds, lured from their winter homes, fill the air with their melody; myriads of wild fowls send forth their shrill cries; the moose and the reindeer flock down from the forests; and from the resonant sea, with the music of unfettered waters, comes the noise of spouting whales and barking seals.

10. And this so lately cheerless, dismal region, blooms

with an exuberance of life equaled only by the shortness of its duration. And, in token of a just appreciation of the Creator's goodness, this animated medley—man, and beasts, and birds, and fishes—rises up, divides, falls to, and ends in eating or in being eaten!

LESSON XX.

THE ESKIMOS AND THEIR FROZEN LAND.

PART SECOND.

Strāt'a ġem, a plan or scheme for deceiving an enemy.	Īm'pro vīsed', brought about on a sudden, offhand, or with- out previous preparation.
Blūb'ber, the fat of whales and other large sea animals.	Vēr'i ta-ble, real; true.
Bru'in, a bear; so called from his color, the term <i>bruin</i> sig- nifying brown.	Con ġēals', grows hard and stiff from cold; becomes ice.
Hāv'oe, general destruction.	Trans lū'cent, sufficiently clear to permit the passage of light.
Īġ'no mīn'i oūs, shameful; contemptible.	Con tīg'ū oūs ly, in a manner so as to touch, or be close to- gether.
U nīque', unmatched; without a like or equal.	Phīd'i as, a Greek sculptor.
Ä'r'ehi teet'ūre, the art or sci- ence of building.	In Īm'i ta ble, superior; not capable of being imitated or copied.

TO overcome the Polar bear, the Eskimos have two stratagems. One is by imitating the seal, upon which the bear principally feeds, and thereby enticing it within gunshot. Another is by bending a piece of stiff whalebone, incasing it in a ball of blubber, and freezing the ball, which then holds firmly the bent whalebone.

2. Armed with these frozen blubber balls, the Eskimos approach their victim, and, with a discharge of arrows, commence the engagement. The bear, smarting with pain, turns upon his tormentors, who, taking to their heels, drop now and then a blubber ball.

3. Bruin, as fond of food as of revenge, pauses for a moment, hastily swallows one, then another, and another. Soon a strange sensation is felt within. The thawing blubber, melted by the heat of the animal's stomach, releases the pent-up whalebone, which, springing violently into place, plays havoc with the intestines, and brings the bear to a painful and ignominious end.

4. But more wonderful still, among the many strange things connected with the life of this people, is the unique system of architecture improvised by them during their seal-hunting expeditions on the ice, when they occupy a veritable crystal palace fit for an arctic fairy. On the frozen river or sea, a spot is chosen free from irregularities, and a circle of ten or fifteen feet in diameter is drawn on the snow.

5. The snow within the circle is then cut into slabs of from three to four inches in thickness, the length being the depth of the snow, and these slabs are formed into a wall inclosing the circle, and carried up in courses similar to those of brick or stone, terminating in a dome-shaped roof.

6. A wedge-like slab keys the arch; and this principle in architecture may have first been known to the Assyrians, Egyptians, Chinese or Eskimos. Loose snow is then thrown into the crevices, which quickly congeals; an aperture is cut in the side for a door, and if the thin wall is not sufficiently translucent, a piece of ice is fitted in for a window.

7. Seats, tables, and even sleeping-places, are made

with frozen snow, and covered with reindeer or seal skin. Outhouses connect with the main room, and frequently a number of dwellings are built contiguously, with a passage from one to another.

8. These houses are comfortable and durable, resisting alike the wind and the thaw until late in the season. Care must be taken that the walls are not so thick as to make them too warm, and so cause a dripping from the interior. A square block of snow serves as a stand for the stone lamp, which is their only fire.

9. "The purity of the material," said Sir John Franklin, who saw them build an edifice of this kind at Coppermine River, "of which the house was framed, the elegance of its construction, and the translucency of its walls, which transmitted a very pleasant light, gave it an appearance far superior to a marble building, and one might survey it with feelings somewhat akin to those produced by the contemplation of a Grecian temple reared by Phidias ; both are triumphs of art, inimitable in their kind."

HUBERT H. BANCROFT.

LESSON XXI.

THE FIGHT OF PASO DEL MAR.

Shāl'lop, a sort of large boat with two masts.	Hēad'land, a point of land projecting from the shore into the sea.
Hōv'er ing, hanging fluttering in the air, or upon the wing ; hanging upon or about.	De vour'ing, destroying ; consuming.
Mist'ed, covered with mist.	Brăn'dished, waved, as a weapon.
Seūd, to drive along swiftly, as clouds or sea-spray are driven by the wind.	Pes'ca dor, fisherman.
	De spēte', in spite of.

GUSTY and raw was the morning;
A fog hung over the seas,
And its gray skirts, rolling inland,
Were torn by the mountain trees ;
No sound was heard but the dashing
Of waves on the sandy bar,
When Pablo of San Diego
Rode down to the Paso del Mar.

2. The pescador, out in his shallop,
Gathering his harvest so wide,
Sees the dim bulk of the headland
Loom over the waste of the tide ;
He sees, like a white thread, the pathway
Wind round on the terrible wall,
Where the faint, moving speck of the rider
Seems hovering close to its fall !
3. Stout Pablo of San Diego
Rode down from the hills behind ;
With the bells on his gray mule tinkling,
He sang through the fog and wind.
Under his thick, misted eyebrows,
Twinkled his eye like a star,
And fiercer he sang, as the sea-winds
Drove cold on Paso del Mar.
4. Now Bernal, the herdsman of Corral,
Had traveled the shore since dawn,
Leaving the ranches behind him—
Good reason he had to be gone ! -
The blood was still red on his dagger,
The fury was hot in his brain,
And the chill, driving scud of the breakers
Beat thick on his forehead in vain.

5. With his blanket wrapped gloomily round him,
He mounted the dizzying road,
And the chasms and steeps of the headland
Were slippery and wet, as he trode ;
Wild swept the wind of the ocean,
Rolling the fog from afar,
When near him a mule-bell came tinkling,
Midway on the Paso del Mar !
6. "Back !" shouted Bernal full fiercely,
And "Back !" shouted Pablo, in wrath,
As his mule halted, startled and shrinking,
On the perilous line of the path !
The roar of devouring surges
Came up from the breakers' hoarse war ;
And "Back, or you perish !" cried Bernal,
"I turn not on Paso del Mar !"
7. The gray mule stood firm as the headland.
He clutched at the jingling rein,
When Pablo rose up in his saddle,
And smote till he dropped it again .
A wild oath of passion swore Bernal,
And brandished his dagger, still red,
While fiercely stout Pablo leaned forward,
And fought o'er his trusty mule's head.
8. They fought, till the black wall below them
Shone red through the misty blast ;
Stout Pablo then struck, leaning further,
The broad breast of Bernal at last.
Then, phrensied with pain, the swart herdsman
Closed round him his terrible grasp,
And jerked him, despite of his struggles,
Down from the mule, in his clasp.

9. They grappled with desperate madness
 On the slippery edge of the wall,
 They swayed on the brink, and together
 Reeled out to the rush of the fall !
 A cry of the wildest death anguish
 Rang faint through the mist afar,
 And the riderless mule went forward
 From the fight of the Paso del Mar !

BAYARD TAYLOR.

LESSON XXII.

OVER THE RIVER.

Bēck'on, to make a sign with a motion of the hand; to summon.	Phān'tom, spectral ; ghostly.
Twī'light, the faint light perceived just before the rising and just after the setting of the sun.	Rān'sōmed, redeemed ; saved.
Mōr'tal, subject to death ; belonging to man, who is mortal.	Mys'tie, mysterious ; unknown.
	Yēarn'ing, sorrowing for ; longing.
	Āye, always ; forever.
	Sūn'der, to tear ; to sever.

OVER the river they beckon to me—
 Loved ones who've crossed to the farther side ;
 The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
 But their voices are drowned in the rushing tide.
 There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
 And eyes, the reflection of heaven's own blue ;
 He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
 And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
 We saw not the angels that met him there ;
 The gates of the city we could not see ;
 Over the river, over the river,
 My brother stands waiting to welcome me !

2. Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another, the household pet ;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale—
Darling Minnie ! I see her yet !
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark ;
We watched it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the farther side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be ;
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me !
3. For none return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale ;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail,
And lo ! they have passed from our yearning hearts ;
They cross the stream, and are gone for aye ;
We may not sunder the veil apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day ;
We only know that their bark no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea ;
Yet, somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
'They watch, and beckon, and wait for me !
4. And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river, and hill, and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold,
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar ;
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail ;
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand ;
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,
To the better shore of the spirit-land.

I shall know the loved who have gone before,
 And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
 When over the river, the peaceful river,
 The Angel of Death shall carry me!

NANCY A. W. PRIEST.

LESSON XXIII.

HOME.

Ä'e'qui sĭ'tion, the act of getting.	Gäp'ing, opening as a gap; showing cracks or fissures.
Ex elū'sive, having the power of preventing entrance; possessed and enjoyed alone, without the intrusion of others.	Ö'fal, that which is thrown away; rubbish.
Fēr'tile, fruitful; productive.	Ä'n'gu lar, having angles; pointed.
Öön'duits (Köön'dits), things which conduct or convey; as pipes and canals convey water.	Frēaks, causeless changes of the mind; whims; pranks.
Dē'vi oūs, out of a straight line; winding.	As suā'ges, eases or lessens, as pain or grief.
	Re spōn'si bil'i ties, things for which one is accountable.

THE acquisition of a good home is one of the first objects of life—a home where the soul has exclusive rights—a home where it may grow undisturbed, sending out its roots into a fertile society, and lifting up its branches into the sunlight of heaven—a home out from which the soul may go on its errands, and to which it may return for its rewards—a home which, along the conduits of memory may bear pure nourishment to children and children's children while it stands, and even after it has fallen.

2. I recall a home like this, long since left behind in the journey of life; and its memory floats back to me

with a shower of emotions and thoughts towards whose precious fall my heart opens itself greedily, like a thirsty flower. It is a home among the mountains—humble and lowly—but priceless in its wealth of associations.

3. The waterfall sings again in my ears, as it used to sing through the dreamy, mysterious nights. The rose at the gate, the patch of tansy under the window, the neighboring orchard, the old elm, the grand machinery of storms and showers, the little smithy under the hill that flamed with a strange light through the dull winter evenings, the wood-pile at the door, the ghostly white birches on the hill, and the dim blue haze upon the retiring mountains—all these come back to me with an appeal which touches my heart and moistens my eyes.

4. I sit again in the door-way at summer nightfall, eating my bread and milk, looking off upon the darkening landscape, and listening to the shouts of boys upon the hill-side, calling or driving home the reluctant herds. I watch again the devious way of the dusty night-hawk along the twilight sky, and listen to his measured note, and the breezy boom that accompanies his headlong plunge toward the earth.

5. Even the old barn, crazy in every timber and gaping at every joint, has charms for me. I try again the breathless leap from the great beams into the bay. I sit again on the threshold of the widely open doors—open to the soft south wind of spring—and watch the cattle, whose faces look half human to me, as they sun themselves and peacefully ruminate, while, drop by drop, the dissolving snow from the roof drills holes through the eaves, down into the oozing offal of the yard.

6. The first little lambs of the season toddle by the side of their dams, and utter their feeble bleatings,

while the flock nibble at the hayrick, or a pair of rival wethers try the strength of their skulls in an encounter, half in earnest and half in play. The proud old rooster crows upon his homely throne, and some delighted member of his silly family leaves her nest and tells to her mates that there is another egg in the world.

7. The old horse whinnies in his stall, and calls to me for food. I look up to the roof and think of last year's swallows—soon to return again—and catch a glimpse of angular sky through the diamond-shaped opening through which they went and came. How, I know not, and can not tell, but that old barn is a part of myself—it has entered into my life, and given me growth and wealth.

8. But I look into the house again where the life abides which has appropriated these things, and finds among them its home. The hour of evening has come, the lamps are lighted, and a good man in middle life—though very old he seems to me—takes down the well-worn Bible, and reads a chapter from its hallowed pages.

9. A sweet woman sits at his side, with my sleepy head upon her knee, and my brothers and sisters are grouped reverently around. I do not understand the words, but I have been told that they are the words of God, and I believe it. The long chapter ends, and then we all kneel down, and the good man prays.

10. I fall asleep with my head in the chair ; and the next morning remember nothing of the way in which I went to bed. After breakfast the Bible is taken down again, and the good man prays, and again and again is the worship repeated, through all the days of many golden years.

11. The pleasant converse of the fireside, the simple songs of home, the words of encouragement as I bend

over my school tasks, the kiss as I lie down to rest, the patient bearing with the freaks of my restless nature, the gentle counsel mingled with reproofs and approvals, the sympathy that meets and assuages every sorrow and sweetens every little success—all these return to me amid the responsibilities which press upon me now, and I feel as if I had once lived in heaven, and straying, had lost my way.

J. G. HOLLAND.

LESSON XXIV.

THE WOMEN OF WEINSBERG.

Ān'nalſ, a history or relation of events in proper order of time; also the name or title of a book which contains such history.	Im pēnd'ing, hanging over; coming near.
Ro mānċe', fable; tale; fiction.	Dōomed, condemned; consigned by a sentence; as, doomed to die.
Piet'ūr ěsque', fitted to make a pleasing picture.	Guār'an teed,' secured; warranted.
Ām'a zong, a fabulous race of female warriors.	E vā'sion, the act of avoiding; shift; subterfuge.
Ē'diet, an order; that which is proclaimed by authority as a rule of action.	Be siēg'ing, besetting or surrounding with armed forces.

THERE still stands in Wurtemberg a little town on a hill which has found a corner both in the annals of history and romance, not on account of its picturesque situation, nor for its goodly vineyards, nor for its brave men, though for all these three things it has also been noted.

2. No! it is the women of Weinsberg who have made their town celebrated, and given it a place in history, and that, too, without stepping out of their sphere, or

enrolling themselves as a band of Amazons for the defence of their country. That they left to the men, who, in the days of which I speak, about the middle of the twelfth century, were busy enough defending their city on a hill from the attacks of Conrad, Emperor of Germany, who had laid siege to it.

3. Bravely and long they held out, but the enemy was too strong for them, and then it was that the victorious Conrad, enraged at the stubborn resistance of the Weinsbergers, pronounced the terrible sentence, that no man should be permitted to leave the town alive—all were to be put to the sword.

4. In vain a crowd of despairing women endeavored to soften the heart of the Emperor, pointing out to him their miserable condition if their protectors and bread-winners were so suddenly taken from them. In vain they showed him their young children—the edict had gone forth ; every man was to die.

5. One boon, however, the Emperor offered to them. Each woman might convey out of the town so much of her valuables and household goods as might be carried in the arms or on the shoulders. A worthless gift thought the poor creatures at first, as they wept and bemoaned the impending fate of their nearest and dearest.

6. But some brave heart and quick brain plucked up courage, and a whisper went abroad which brought strength to the limbs and color to the cheeks of the women of Weinsberg. They wept no longer now, but hoarding the precious secret in their hearts, waited for the summons which was to call them from the walls of their beloved city and the last embraces of their doomed husbands.

7. At last the dreadful day arrived. The gates of the

city were thrown open, and the throng poured forth—a throng of women heavily-laden indeed, but bearing neither gold nor household valuables. Each true wife bore on her shoulders her condemned husband, and carried him safely out of the city, her own possession, guaranteed to her by the word of an Emperor.

8. There was murmuring among the besieging host when this unexpected sight met their eyes. Their Emperor had not meant this. They said it was an evasion of his decree, and could not stand.

9. But Conrad, with all his severity, carried no heart of stone within his bosom. His word, too, was given. He would not draw back. The men were saved, and to this day the women of Weinsberg hold an honored place in the recollection of their country-men and country-women, and they have also a safe little nook in the history of their land.

LESSON XXV.

THE REMOVAL.

Vül'ean, the god of fire; here
used for blacksmith.

Rē gāle', a feast.

Sūmpt'ū oūs, costly; luxuri-
ous.

Phīz, face.

Ā mēnds', pay for a loss or an
injury.

A NERVOUS old gentleman, tired of trade,—
By which, though, it seems, he a fortune had made,—
Took a house 'twixt two sheds, at the skirts of the town,
Which he meant, at his leisure, to buy and pull down.

2. This thought struck his mind when he viewed the estate;

But, alas! when he entered he found it too late,
For in each dwelt a smith;—a more hard-working two
Never doctored a patient, or put on a shoe.

3. At six in the morning their anvils, at work,
Awoke our good squire, who raged like a Turk.
“These fellows,” he cried, “such a clattering keep,
That I never can get above eight hours of sleep.”
4. From morning till night they kept thumping away.—
No sound but the anvil the whole of the day;
His afternoon’s nap and his daughter’s new song,
Were banished and spoiled by their hammer’s ding-dong.
5. He offered each Vulcan to purchase his shop;
But, no! they were stubborn, determined to stop;
At length, (both his spirits and health to improve,)
He cried, “I’ll give each fifty guineas to move.”
6. “Agreed!” said the pair; “that will make us amends.”
“Then come to my house, and let us part friends;
You shall dine; and we’ll drink on this joyful occasion,
That each may live long in his new habitation.”
7. He gave the two blacksmiths a sumptuous regale;
He spared not provisions, his wine, nor his ale;
So much was he pleased with the thought that each guest
Would take from him noise, and restore to him rest.
8. “And now,” said he, “tell me; where mean you to move?
I hope to some spot where your trade will improve.”
“Why sir,” replied one, with a grin on his phiz,
“Tom Forge moves to my shop, and I move to his!”

ANONYMOUS.

LESSON XXVI.

HABITS.

Com'pre hēnd'ed, embraced ; contained or included.	under the power and control of another.
Chār'ae ter, the sum of quali- ties which distinguish one per- son or thing from another ; reputation.	Bas tile', an old prison in Paris.
Cā'ble, a large, strong rope used to hold a vessel at anchor, and for other purposes.	Dūn'geon, a dark prison.
Sub jee'tion, the state of being	Ex tēm'po re, off-hand ; with- out study or preparation.
	Īrk'sōme, tedious ; tiresome.
	Tēm'per, the state of a metal as to its hardness and strength.

THE whole character may be said to be compre-
hended in the term, habits ; so that it is not so
far from being true, that “man is a bundle of habits.”
Suppose you were compelled to wear an iron collar
about your neck through life, or a chain upon your an-
kle, would it not be a burden every day and hour of
your existence ?

2. You rise in the morning a prisoner to your chain ;
you lie down at night weary with the burden ; and you
groan the more deeply as you reflect that there is no
shaking it off. But even this would be no more difficult
to bear than many of the habits of men, nor harder to
be shaken off.

3. Habits are easily formed—especially such as are
bad ; and what to-day seems to be a small affair, will
soon become fixed, and hold you with the strength of a
cable. That same cable, you will recollect, is formed
by spinning and twisting one thread at a time ; but,
when once completed, the proudest ship turns her head

towards it, and acknowledges her subjection to its power.

4. Habits of some kind will be formed by every student. He will have a particular course in which his time, his thoughts and feelings will run. Good or bad, these habits soon become a part of himself, and a sort of second nature. Who does not know that the old man, who has occupied a particular corner of the fireplace in the old house for sixty years, may be rendered wretched by a change?

5. Who has not read of the release of the aged prisoner of the Bastile, who entreated that he might again return to his gloomy dungeon, because his habits there formed were so strong that his nature threatened to sink under the attempt to break them up? You will probably find no man of forty who has not habits which he laments, which mar his usefulness and destroy his peace, but which are so interwoven with his very being that he cannot break through them. At least, he has not the courage to try.

6. I am expecting you will form habits. Indeed, I wish you to do so. He must be a poor character, indeed, who lives so extempore as not to have habits of his own. But what I wish is, that you form those habits which are correct, and such as will every day and hour add to your happiness and usefulness. If a man were to be told that he must use the ax, which he now selects, through life, would he not be careful in selecting one of the right proportions and temper?

7. If told that he must wear the same clothing through life, would he not be anxious as to the quality and kind? But these, in the cases supposed, would be of no more importance than is the selection of habits in which the soul shall act. You might as well place the body in a

straight jacket, and expect it to perform, with ease, and comfort, and promptness, the various duties of the body, as to throw the soul into the habits of some men, and then expect it will accomplish anything great or good.

8. Do not fear to undertake to form any habit which is desirable; for it can be formed, and that with more ease than you may at first suppose. Let the same thing, or the same duty, return at the same time every day, and it will soon become pleasant, however irksome it was at first. In this way all our habits are formed, and it rests with us to say of what character they shall be.

REV. JOHN TODD.

LESSON XXVII.

BEHIND TIME.

Con dūct'or, the person who has general charge of a railway train.

E lāpsed', passed.

Col li's'ion, a striking together; in this case, a violent meeting of the two trains.

Pre çip'i tat ed, pushed forward rapidly and violently.

Rē-en fōrç'ements, additional troops.

Corps (cōre), a body of troops.

Grou chy (Groo'shee), one of Napoleon's marshals.

Bānk'rūpt cy, failure in business.

Ās'sets, the property belonging to a person or business firm.

Rē mīt'tān çes, sums of money sent to a distant place.

Mā tūr'ing, becoming due.

In sōlv'ents, persons who cannot pay their debts when due.

Crī'sis, decisive moment; turning point.

Punct'ū āl'i ty, the quality or state of being always in time.

A RAILROAD train was rushing along at almost lightning speed. A curve was just ahead, beyond which was a station, at which the cars usually passed each other. The conductor was late, so late that

the period during which the down train was to wait had nearly elapsed; but he hoped yet to pass the curve safely. Suddenly a locomotive dashed into sight right ahead. In an instant there was a collision. A shriek, a shock, and fifty souls were in eternity; and all because an engineer had been *behind time*.

2. A great battle was going on. Column after column had been precipitated for eight mortal hours on the enemy posted along the ridge of a hill. The summer sun was sinking to the west; re-enforcements for the obstinate defenders were already in sight; it was necessary to carry the position with one final charge, or everything would be lost.

3. A powerful corps had been summoned from across the country, and if it came up in season all would yet be well. The great conqueror, confident of its arrival, formed his reserve into an attacking column, and ordered them to charge the enemy. The whole world knows the result. Grouchy failed to appear; the imperial guard was beaten back; Waterloo was lost. Napoleon died a prisoner at St. Helena, because one of his marshals was *behind time*.

4. A leading firm in commercial circles had long struggled against bankruptcy. As it had enormous assets in California, it expected remittances by a certain day, and if the sums promised arrived, its credit, its honor and its future prosperity would be preserved. But week after week elapsed without bringing the gold.

5. At last came the fatal day on which the firm had bills maturing to enormous amounts. The steamer was telegraphed at daybreak; but it was found, on inquiry, that she brought no funds, and the house failed. The next arrival brought nearly half a million to the in-

solvents, but it was too late; they were ruined because their agent, in remitting, had been *behind time*.

6. A condemned man was led out for execution. He had taken human life, but under circumstances of the greatest provocation, and public sympathy was active in his behalf. Thousands had signed petitions for a reprieve, a favorable answer had been expected the night before, and, though it had not come, even the sheriff felt confident that it would yet arrive in season.

7. ✕ Thus the morning passed without the appearance of the messenger. The last moment was up. The prisoner took his place on the drop, the cap was drawn over his eyes, the bolt was drawn, and a lifeless body swung, revolving in the wind.

8. Just at that moment a horseman came into sight, galloping down the hill, his steed covered with foam. He carried a packet in his right hand, which he waved rapidly to the crowd. He was the express rider with the reprieve. But he had come too late. A comparatively innocent man had died an ignominious death, because a watch had been five minutes too slow, making its bearer arrive *behind time*.

9. It is continually so in life. The best laid plans, the most important affairs, the fortunes of individuals, the weal of nations, honor, happiness, life itself, are daily sacrificed because somebody is "behind time." There are men who always fail in whatever they undertake, simply because they are "behind time." There are others who put off reformation year by year, till death seizes them, and they perish unrepentant, because forever "*behind time*."

10. Five minutes in a crisis is worth years. It is but

a little period, yet it has often saved a fortune or redeemed a people. If there is one virtue that should be cultivated more than another by him who would succeed in life, it is punctuality; if there is one error that should be avoided, it is being *behind time*.

FREEMAN HUNT.

LESSON XXVIII.

COMANCHE WARRIORS.

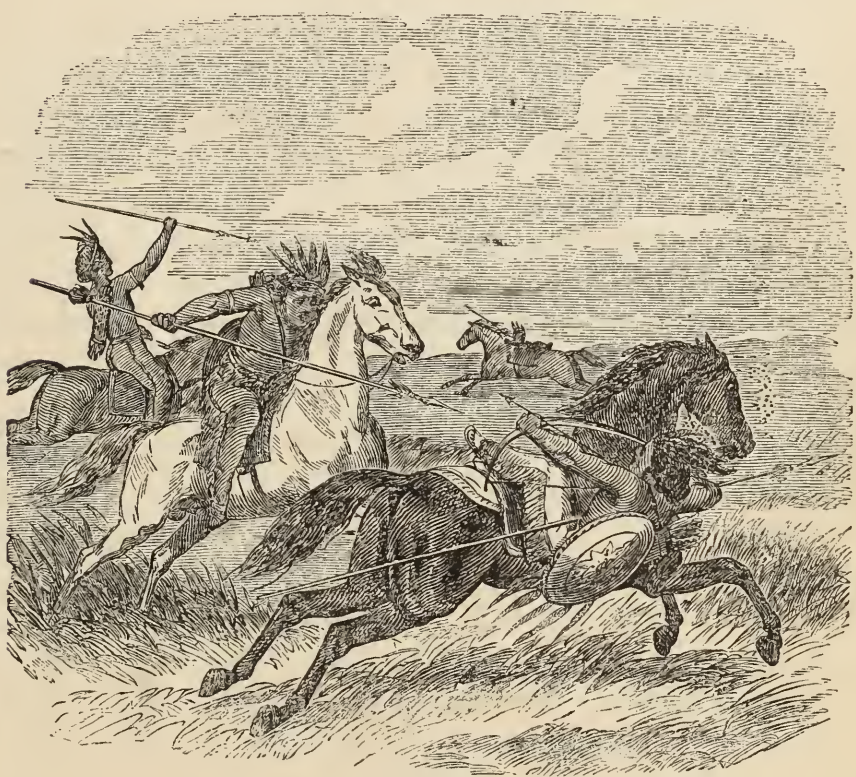
Pûr'chase, a hold or force by which bodies are moved.	Chěr'ished, loved; cared for.
Rûse, a fraud; stratagem; deceit.	Hăm'pered, restrained; impeded.
Be trāyed', made known; exposed.	Lăr'i at, a lasso; a leather rope.
Do mēs'ti eā'tion, the training of wild animals.	Străn'gu lă'tion, the act of choking.
	Höb'ble, to tie the feet together.

THE Comanche warriors are probably the most thorough horsemen in the world. From the earliest infancy, the forest-born boy is taught to look upon the horse as the inseparable companion of his life—whether it is to swoop with him, like an eagle, through the dust and thunder of the buffalo chase, or bear him gallantly on the trail of war. It is, in fact, their wonderful riding that has made the name of the tribe a terror on the wide plains of the southwest.

2. There is one warlike feat in which all the Comanche warriors are trained from boyhood. As the rider is dashing along with his horse at full speed, he will suddenly drop over the side of the animal, leaving no part

of his person visible, except the sole of one foot, which is fastened over the horse's back as a purchase by which to pull himself to an upright position.

3. In this attitude he can ride for any distance, and, moreover, can use with deadly effect either his bow or his fourteen-foot lance. One of their favorite modes of attack is to gallop toward the enemy at full speed, and



then, just before they come within range, to drop upon the opposite side of their horses, dash by the foe, and pour upon him a shower of arrows directed from under the horses' necks, and sometimes even from under their bodies—the warriors themselves being wholly protected by the bodies of their flying steeds.

4. Sometimes the Comanches try to steal upon their

enemies by leaving their lances behind them, slinging themselves along the sides of their horses, and approaching carelessly, as though it were a troop of wild horses, roaming without riders. A quick eye is needed to detect this ruse, which is generally betrayed by the fact that the horses always keep the same side toward the spectator, which would seldom be the case were they wild and unrestrained in their movements. †

5. Every warrior has one favorite horse, which he never mounts except for war or the chase, using inferior animals on ordinary occasions. Swiftmess is the chief quality for which the charger is selected, and for no price could the owner be induced to part with him. Like all uncivilized people, he treats his horse with a strange mixture of cruelty and kindness. While engaged in the chase, for example, he spurs and whips him most ruthlessly ; but the moment he returns, the horse is handed over to his women, who greet him with caresses and provide for his comfort, as though he were the most cherished member of the family.

6. The mode in which these Indians supply themselves with horses is bold and strange. In various parts of the country large bands of horses have run free for many years, so that they have lost all traces of domestication, and have become as truly wild as the buffalo or antelope—assembling in herds, which are headed by the strongest and swiftest animals.

7. It is from these herds that the warriors supply themselves with the horses which have of late years become absolutely necessary to them ; and in most cases they are captured in fair chase. When a Comanche wishes to catch a fresh horse, he mounts his best steed and goes in search of the nearest herd. When he comes as near as he desires without being discovered, he

dashes toward them at full speed, and, singling out one of the horses as it gallops along hampered by the multitude of its companions, throws his lasso over its neck.

8. When the noose has fairly settled, the hunter leaps off his own steed—which is trained to remain standing on the same spot until it is wanted—and allows himself to be dragged along by the affrighted animal, which soon falls, in consequence of being choked by the lariat.

9. Then the hunter comes cautiously up—holding the lariat tight enough to keep the animal from entirely recovering its breath, and yet sufficiently loose to guard against strangulation—and at last is able to place one hand over its eyes and the other over its nostrils. The horse is now at his mercy.

10. In order to impress upon it the fact of its servitude, he hobbles its fore feet for a time, and fastens a noose to its lower jaw; but within a wonderfully short period he is able to remove the hobbles, and ride his conquered prize into camp. During the time occupied in taming the horse, it plunges in the wildest manner; but after this one brief battle, it yields the point and becomes the willing slave of its master.

CAPTAIN HOBBS.

SELF - RELIANCE.

Man is his own star, and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man,
Commands all light, all influence, all fate;
Nothing to him falls early, or too late.
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill.

JOHN FLETCHER.

LESSON XXIX.

THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

PART FIRST.

Wick'ets, gate-like frames used in playing cricket.	Re mōte', far from; distant.
Ūsh'er, an assistant teacher.	Ū'ni vērs'al, affecting all.
	Sprītes, souls; spirits.

'TWAS in the prime of summer time,
And evening calm and cool,
And four-and-twenty happy boys
Came bounding out of school :
There were some that ran, and some that leapt,
Like troutlets in a pool.

2. Away they sped with gamesome minds,
And souls untouched by sin;
To a level mead they came, and there
They drove the wickets in;
Pleasantly shone the setting sun
Over the town of Lynn.

3. Like sportive deer they coursed about,
And shouted as they ran,
Turning to mirth all things of earth,
As only boyhood can;
But the usher sat remote from all,
A melancholy man!

4. His hat was off, his vest apart,
To catch heaven's blessed breeze;
For a burning thought was in his brow,
And his bosom ill at ease:
So he leaned his head on his hands, and read
The book between his knees!

5. Leaf after leaf, he turned it o'er,
Nor ever glanced aside;
For the peace of his soul that book he read
In the golden even-tide:
Much study had made him very lean,
And pale, and leaden-eyed.
6. At last he shut the ponderous tome,
With a fast and fervent grasp,
He strained the dusky covers close,
And fixed the brazen hasp:
"O God! could I so close my mind,
And clasp it with a clasp!"
7. Then, leaping to his feet upright,
Some moody turns he took,—
Now up the mead, then down the mead,
And past a shady nook,—
And, lo! he saw a little boy
That pored upon a book!
8. "My gentle lad, what is't you read—
Romance or fairy fable?
Or is it some historic page
Of kings and crowns unstable?"
The young boy gave an upward glance,—
"It is, 'The Death of Abel.'"
9. The usher took six hasty strides,
As smit with sudden pain,—
Six hasty strides beyond the place,
Then slowly back again;
And down he sat beside the lad,
And talked with him of Cain;

10. And long since then, of bloody men,
Whose deeds tradition saves;
Of lonely folk cut off unseen,
And hid in sudden graves;
Of horrid stabs in groves forlorn,
And murders done in caves;
11. And how the sprites of injured men
Shriek upward from the sod,—
Ay, how the ghostly hand will point
To show the burial clod;
And unknown facts of guilty acts
Are seen in dreams from God!
12. He told how murderers walked the earth
Beneath the curse of Cain,—
With crimson clouds before their eyes,
And flames about their brain:
For blood had left upon their souls
Its everlasting stain!
13. “And well,” quoth he, “I know for truth,
Their pangs must be extreme,—
Woe, woe, unutterable woe,—
Who spill life’s sacred stream!
For why? Methought, last night, I wrought
A murder, in a dream!
14. “One that had never done me wrong—
A feeble man and old;
I led him to a lonely field,—
The moon shone clear and cold:
Now here, said I, this man shall die,
And I will have his gold!

15. "Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,
And one with a heavy stone,
One hurried gash with a hasty knife,—
And then the deed was done!
There was nothing lying at my feet
But lifeless flesh and bone!
16. "Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
That could not do me ill;
And yet I feared him all the more,
For lying there so still:
There was a manhood in his look,
That murder could not kill!
17. "And, lo! the universal air
Seemed lit with ghastly flame;—
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
Were looking down in blame:
I took the dead man by his hand,
And called upon his name!
18. "O God! it made me quake to see
Such sense within the slain!
For when I touched the lifeless clay,
The blood gushed out amain!
For every clot, a burning spot
Was scorching in my brain!
19. "My head was like an ardent coal,
My heart as solid ice;
My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,
Was at the devil's price:
A dozen times I groaned; the dead
Had never groaned but twice!"

LESSON XXX.

THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

PART SECOND.

Slūg'gish, slow; having little motion.	A ghāst', amazed; frightened.
Côrse, the dead body of a human being.	Räcked, tormented; tortured.
Ûr'chins, children.	Tÿ răn'nie, cruel; severe.
Grīm, frightful; horrible.	Faith'less, serving to disappoint or deceive; untrue.
Chěr'û bīm, angels.	Ġÿves, shackles; fetters.

-
- “ **A**ND now, from forth the frowning sky,
 From the heaven's topmost height,
 I heard a voice—the awful voice
 Of the blood-avenging sprite;—
 ‘Thou guilty man! take up thy dead
 And hide it from my sight!’
2. “I took the dreary body up,
 And cast it in a stream,—
 A sluggish water, black as ink,
 The depth was so extreme:—
 My gentle boy, remember this
 Is nothing but a dream!
3. “Down went the corse with a hollow plunge,
 And vanished in the pool;
 Anon I cleansed my bloody hands,
 And washed my forehead cool,
 And sat among the urchins young,
 That evening, in the school.

4. "O, Heaven! to think of their white souls,
And mine so black and grim!
I could not share in childish prayer,
Nor join in evening hymn:
Like a devil of the pit I seemed,
'Mid holy cherubim!
5. "And Peace went with them, one and all,
And each calm pillow spread;
But Guilt was my grim chamberlain
That lighted me to bed;
And drew my midnight curtains round,
With fingers bloody red!
6. "All night I lay in agony,
In anguish dark and deep;
My fevered eyes I dared not close,
But stared aghast at Sleep:
For Sin had rendered unto her
The keys of hell to keep!
7. "All night I lay in agony
From weary chime to chime,
With one besetting horrid hint,
That racked me all the time—
A mighty yearning, like the first
Fierce impulse unto crime!
8. "One stern tyrannic thought, that made
All other thoughts its slave;
Stronger and stronger every pulse
Did that temptation crave,—
Still urging me to go and see
The dead man in his grave!

9. Heavily I rose up, as soon
As light was in the sky,
And sought the black accurséd pool
With a wild misgiving eye;
And I saw the Dead in the river bed,
For the faithless stream was dry.
10. "Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dew-drop from its wing;
But I never marked its morning flight,
I never heard it sing:
For I was stooping once again
Under the horrid thing.
11. "With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
I took him up and ran;—
There was no time to dig a grave
Before the day began:
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves,
I hid the murdered man!
12. And all that day I read in school,
But my thought was elsewhere;
As soon as the mid-day task was done,
In secret I was there:
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
And still the corse was bare!
13. "Then down I cast me on my face,
And first began to weep,
For I knew my secret then was one
That earth refused to keep:
Or land or sea, though he should be
Ten thousand fathoms deep.

14. "So wills the fierce avenging sprite,
Till blood for blood atones!
Ay, though he's buried in a cave,
And trodden down with stones,
And years have rotted off his flesh—
The world shall see his bones!
15. "O, God! that horrid, horrid dream
Besets me now awake!
Again, again, with dizzy brain,
The human life I take;
And my red right hand grows raging hot
Like Cranmer's at the stake.
16. "And still no peace for the restless clay
Will wave or mould allow;
The horrid thing pursues my soul,—
It stands before me now!"
The fearful boy looked up, and saw
Huge drops upon his brow.
17. That very night, while gentle sleep
The urchin eyelids kissed,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,
Through the cold and heavy mist:
And Eugene Aram walked between
With gyves upon his wrist.

THOMAS HOOD.

LESSON XXXI.

THE BRAVE SHEPHERD.

PART FIRST.

Præ'tiged, made knowing and expert by use.	Shēp'herd, a man employed in guarding sheep or goats.
A bÿss', a bottomless depth ; a gulf.	Re pelled', driven back ; repulsed.
Ag' o nized, distressed ; tortured.	Flēdged, furnished with feathers.
Ey'ry, a place where birds of prey build their nests.	Vũlt'ũre, a large, rapacious bird.

IN September, 1855, a young woman mounted with a firm step the rocky path up one of the Jura Alps, in Switzerland. She was going to mow some of the coarser grass and roots, which grow on the mountains, as fodder for her goats during the winter. On her left arm she carried a babe, her first-born child, whose age was only reckoned by weeks, and in her right hand she had a scythe.

2. The gaze of the young mother was not fixed on the path, for she knew almost every stone, but on her child, and she did not perceive the dark spot high in the air above her, which now stood still, and then moved round in a narrow circle. The practiced eye of an inhabitant of the Alps would at once have known that this spot was an eagle or a vulture.

3. But the mother walked on not suspicious of danger, only occupied with her child, until she reached a little nook where grew some bright green grass. Here, binding the warm shawl tighter round her infant, she

laid it at the foot of a rock close by, where it could rest in the sunshine. Then she vigorously applied her scythe to the scanty grass, which led her on and on till she was at some distance from her child.

4. The eagle, whose nest and hungry brood were not far from the spot, had seen the mother with the babe. From that dizzy height, where the bird only looked like a black point, its far-seeing eye had followed her movements. It saw where she laid the child down on the rock, and it gradually dropped lower and lower; then suddenly it shot down, like a swift arrow, through the air, to the place where the child lay.

5. At last, but too late, the mother heard the whirring of the huge wings, and when she turned round the bird had already fixed its strong claws in the shawl, had seized the child, and flown with it over a fearful abyss. The young woman raised a shriek of anguish. It rang through the clear air, and reached the rocky heights where a few shepherds were feeding their flock of goats.

6. They heard the cry. Full of horror, they sprang up and held their breath. A second shriek quickly followed, and, as they had seen the eagle soaring on high, and knew where her nest was, they at once suspected what had occurred. They left their flocks quietly feeding, and sprang from rock to rock to the meadow, where, on the brink of the abyss, the agonized mother was wringing her hands.

7. "My child! my child!" was the heart-rending cry that met their ears; and they saw at once that if instant help was not rendered her child was lost. The eagle must not be allowed to rest a moment, or else—horrible to think of!—and neither must she be alarmed by a violent cry, or—the danger was equally great—she would let the child drop into the abyss.

8. Thus, presence of mind and courage were necessary. First, some one must fetch a rope, which was kept in a cottage near by, ready for possible accidents; and they must soothe, as well as they could, the mother, to prevent her from yielding to the wild outbreaks of her grief. They silently separated, and so placed themselves that, concealed as much as possible, they could on all sides observe the eagle's nest.

9. They had not lain long in their hiding-places, when the mighty bird of prey sunk, first in wide circles, then in gradually narrowing ones, towards the nest; but at the moment she dropped the child, the shepherds raised such a wild cry, that, swift as an arrow, she flew away from the eyry, and left the child lying in it.

10. Now that the bird was out of sight, and had probably settled down on some distant peak of rock, the moment for action had arrived. With cool courage, Joseph Imthal, a young shepherd, only seventeen years of age, put his climbing-irons on his feet, seized his staff, made of tough wood, with an iron hook at one end and an iron spike at the other; and, having uttered a short prayer to the Lord, began to climb the mountain over a path of awful peril.

11. The mother eagle saw him, and knew what it was all about. Furiously she darted down, and with a hoarse shriek expressed her rage; then she seemed to nerve herself for a death-struggle. She was as eager to save her children as the bold climber was to save the child for its human mother.

12. The eagle darted towards him, but as she approached she was met by showers of stones and wild cries from the shepherds; yet as the enemy advanced nearer her eyry, she again and again renewed her furious attacks, which were always repelled in the same way.

13. At last Joseph reached the eyry, where the scarcely-fledged young of the eagle, frightened at first by the child dropped in the midst of them, were now terrified by the bold youth, whilst the eagle in her rage dashed against the shallow cleft where he had found room to sit. He attacked her so vigorously, however, with his staff, that at last, bewildered and stunned, she seemed scarcely to dare another attack.*

LESSON XXXII.

THE BRAVE SHEPHERD.

PART SECOND. / /

Jūt'ting, projecting beyond the main body.	Tāl'ons, the claws of a bird.
Ōn'slaught, an attack; an as- sault.	Blēach'ing, growing white.
Čāv'i ty, a hollow place.	Čhām'ois (Shām'my), a kind of antelope found among the lofty mountains of Europe.
Prōv'i dēn' tial, brought about by divine direction.	Yawn'ing, opening wide.
Tēm'po ra ry, lasting for a time only.	He rō'ie, like a hero; bold; dar- ing.

ONLY one part—and that the least dangerous—of Joseph Imthal's heroic effort was performed; the main difficulty was yet to be overcome. How was he to return? He could not go back by the way he came; that was not to be thought of—it was impossible. The only hope was in a rope let down from the crest of the cliff, by means of which he and the child could be drawn up over the yawning chasm.

2. If a single inch of that rope gave way—if a sharp edge of rock jutting out should cut it—if only one

hand slipped from the rope, or the holders of it for a moment lost their firm foothold ; then — the very thought of it makes one giddy standing on firm ground ! No wonder that the young hero, who was about to be suspended over it, looked into that fearful gulf, black with its immeasurable depth, and closed his eyes with horror.

3. Boldly and quietly the men climbed up the precipice, while the courageous lad wrung the necks of the young eagles and cast them into the depth below. The eagle saw this, and dashing towards the eyry, struggled with her strong wings to hurl the murderer of her young down the abyss, and only retreated after a battle that tried the young shepherd's strength to the utmost.

4. Then, for one moment, the thought arose in that brave heart that he should attempt to return *alone* by the way he had come up ; but he thrust it from him instantly. "If the child must die," cried he, "then I will die with it." And he looked up into the clear blue above him with this resolve, and prayed for a higher aid than that of man.

5. The eagle darted down with fresh fury. The shouts of the shepherds warned Joseph, and he had just time to hide the babe in the hollow of the eyry, when the mighty bird made such an onslaught on him that he lost his balance, and fell with nearly half his body over the edge of the precipice.

6. But as the eagle dashed down again in blind rage, the terrible shock of her wings threw Joseph back with such force that he was hurled over the nest into the cavity between it and the rocks. He soon recovered himself, which was most providential, for, if the stun had lasted any time, the bird would have seized the child and carried it off.

7. The eagle, encouraged by this temporary advantage, renewed her attacks with impetuous fury. Several times already she had fixed her talons on the outer edge of the nest, and tried to use her beak and the muscular force of her wings on the destroyer of her young. The youth now searched the nest more closely; and to his great joy found in it a short but heavy piece of bough!

8. As his staff had proved to be too long to use with advantage, he regarded the finding of the stick as peculiarly fortunate. At this moment the furious bird again took up a firm position on the outer edge of the nest. A desperate struggle then ensued, in which Joseph used the heavy cudgel with telling effect. A final blow leveled at the head of his foe, fell so true that the whole body of the huge bird trembled; her wings sank helplessly down; her head drooped back, and, loosening her grasp, she fell into the abyss beneath, where the bones of her numerous victims were bleaching.

9. An awful dread now filled the hearts of the men above the eyry for the exhausted victor who sat with the child—a strange intruder—in the nest. The eagle which the youth had slain was the smaller of a pair, the female. Each moment the male, much the stronger bird, might return to the nest, and with fresh and mightier powers renew the struggle. Then to draw them up with the rope would be as impossible as when the female eagle was fighting him.

10. But the rope was let down, and Joseph putting his feet, protected by the climbing-irons, into the wide loop fixed at the end, and grasping the child with his left hand, shouted that all was ready. They swung out over the precipice, and the fearful ascent began. The rope sustained the strain, and the strong arms and true hearts above never failed. They were drawn up in

safety ; and the scene that ensued when the unharmed infant was restored to the arms of its mother, was indescribably touching.

11. You may imagine their feelings, when in a short time they beheld a monstrous eagle flying over the mountain tops, and bearing a young chamois in his claws. After descending in circles, he darted down on the nest, and when he found it empty, he flew around it several times, then soared high up into the sky, and was seen no more.

LESSON XXXIII.

THE CROOKED FOOT-PATH.

Pēn'cilled, marked with a fine line, as if with a pencil.	Trū'ant, loitering ; idle.
Wāy'ward, willful ; liking one's own way.	Sīn'ū ous, winding ; crooked.
Gā'bled, having gables.	Dē'vi oūs, out of a straight line ; varying from a straight course.

A H, here it is ! the sliding rail
 That marks the old remembered spot—
 The gap that struck our schoolboy trail—
 The crooked path across the lot.

2. It left the road by school and church,
 A pencilled shadow, nothing more,
 That parted from the silver birch
 And ended at the farm-house door.
3. No line or compass traced its plan ;
 With frequent bends to left or right,
 In aimless, wayward curves it ran,
 But always kept the porch in sight.

4. The gabled porch, with woodbine green,
The broken millstone at the sill—
Though many a rood might stretch between,
The truant child could see them still.
5. No rocks across the pathway lie—
No fallen trunk is o'er it thrown—
And yet it winds, we know not why,
And turns, as if for tree or stone.
6. Perhaps some lover trod the way
With shaking knees and leaping heart—
And so it often runs astray
With sinuous sweep or sudden start.
7. Or one, perchance, with clouded brain
From some unholy banquet reeled—
And since, our devious steps maintain
His track across the trodden field.
8. Nay, deem not thus—no earthborn will
Could ever trace a faultless line ;
Our truest steps are human still—
To walk unswerving were divine !
9. Truants from love, we dream of wrath—
O, rather let us trust the more !
Through all the wanderings of the path,
We still can see our Father's door !

O. W. HOLMES.

LESSON XXXIV.

THE MARCH THROUGH TROPIC WOODS.

Lí'ehens (or lích ens), flowerless plants that hang to rocks and trees.

Lítthe, pliant, limber.

Bam bōō', a hollow, jointed plant that grows in the tropics, from the stalks of which water-pipes, canes, pipe-stems and very many other articles are made.

Īn'ter twīned', twisted together.

Căn'ō py, a covering over a throne or a bed; any covering over the head.

Re vērse'd', turned side for side, or end for end.

Lĩmp, lacking stiffness; as, a *limp* cravat.

Ėock'a tōō', a bird of the parrot kind.

A skew', aside; askant.

HOW wound we through the solid wood,
 With all its broad boughs hung in green,
 And lichen-mosses trailed between !
 How waked the spotted beasts of prey,
 Deep sleeping from the face of day,
 And dashed them like a tropic flood
 Down some defile and denser wood !

2. And snakes, long, lithe and beautiful
 As green and graceful-bough'd bamboo,
 Did twist and twine them through and through
 The boughs that hung red-fruited full.
 One, monster-sized, above me hung,
 Close eyed me with his bright pink eyes,
 Then raised his folds, and swayed and swung,
 And licked like lightning his red tongue ;
 Then oped his wide mouth with surprise :
 He writhed and curved, and raised and lowered
 His folds, like liftings of the tide,
 And sank so low I touched his side,
 As I rode by, with my broad sword.

3. The trees shook hands high overhead,
And bowed and intertwined across
The narrow way ; while leaves, and moss,
And luscious fruit, gold-hued and red,
Through all the canopy of green
Let not one sun-shaft shoot between.
4. Birds hung and swung, green-robed and red,
Or drooped in curved lines dreamily,
Rainbows reversed, from tree to tree ;
Or sang, low-hanging, overhead—
Sang low, as if they sang and slept ;
Sang faint, like some far waterfall,
And took no note of us at all—
Though nuts that in the way were spread
Did crush and crackle as we stept.
5. Wild lilies, tall as maidens are—
As sweet of breath, as pearly fair,
As fair as faith, as pure as truth—
Fell thick before our every tread,
As in a sacrifice to ruth ;
And all the air with perfume filled,
More sweet than ever man distilled.
The ripened fruit a fragrance shed,
And hung in hand-reach overhead,
In nest of blossoms on the shoot,
The bending shoot that bore the fruit.
6. How ran the monkeys through the leaves !
How rushed they through, brown clad and blue,
Like shuttles hurried through and through
The threads a hasty weaver weaves !

7. How quick they cast us fruits of gold,
Then loosened hand and all foot-hold,
And hung, limp, limber, as if dead,
Hung low and listless overhead ;
And all the time, with half-oped eyes
Bent full on us with mute surprise—
Looked wisely, too, as wise hens do
That watch you with the head askew.
8. The long days through on blossomed trees
There came the sweet song of sweet bees,
With chorus tones of cockatoo,—
That slid his beak along the bough,
And walked and talked, and hung and swung,
In crown of gold and coat of blue ;
The wisest fool that ever sung,
Or had a crown, or held a tongue.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

LESSON XXXV.

SPEECH AT THE GETTYSBURG CEMETERY.

Cõn cēived,' formed in the mind; devised.	De træt', to take away.
Děd'i eāte, to set apart for a sacred purpose; to devote form- ally and solemnly.	Prõp'o s'ition, a declaration; a statement.
	De vō'tion, eager inclination; affection.

FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any

nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war.

2. We have come, to dedicate a portion, of that field as a final, resting-place for those who gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground.

3. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be now dedicated to the unfinished work which those who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced.

4. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve, that these, dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that Government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THE USES OF ENMITY.

Where thou art strong and stout thy friend to thee will
show—

Where thou art weak alone is taught thee by thy foe.
Though friend with flattery soothe, or foe stab through
and through,

Praise cannot save the False, nor malice kill the True.

W. W. STORY.

LESSON XXXVI.

THE WILL.

Mr. SWIPES, a Brewer. Mr. CURRIE, a Saddler. FRANK MILLINGTON,
Squire DRAWL.

Tēs'ta ment (<i>Law</i>), a will ; a solemn, authentic instrument in writing, by which a person declares his will in regard to the disposal of his property after death.	Trust ees', persons to whom property is legally committed in trust, for the benefit of others.
Im pri'mis, in the first place ; first in order.	Chāise, a two-wheeled carriage for two persons, with a top, and the body hung on leather straps, called thorough-braces.
Rēp'ro bate, a wicked person ; one morally lost.	In'stru ment (<i>Law</i>), a legal writing expressing some act, contract, or process, as a deed, writ, etc.

SWIPES. A sober occasion this, Brother Currie. Who would have thought the old lady was so near her end ?

CURRIE. Ah ! we must all die, Brother Swipes, and those who live longest only bury the most.

SWIPES. True, true ; but since we must die and leave our earthly possessions, it is well that the law takes such good care of us. Had the old lady her senses when she departed ?

CURRIE. Perfectly, perfectly. Squire Drawl told me she read every word of her testament aloud, and never signed her name better.

SWIPES. Had you any hint from the Squire what disposition she made of her property ?

CURRIE. Not a whisper ; the Squire is as close as an underground tomb ; but one of the witnesses hinted

to me that she has cut off her graceless nephew with a cent.

SWIPES. Has she, good soul! has she? You know I come in, then, in right of my wife.

CURRIE. And I in *my own* right; and this is, no doubt, the reason why we have been called to hear the reading of the will. But here comes the young reprobate; he must be present as a matter of course, you know. [*Enter FRANK MILLINGTON.*] Your servant, young gentleman. So your benefactress has left you at last?

SWIPES. It is a painful thing to part with old and goods friends, Mr. Millington.

FRANK. It is so, sir; but I could bear the loss better had I not been so often ungrateful for her kindness. She was my only friend, and I knew not her value.

CURRIE. It is too late to repent, Master Millington. You will now have a chance to earn your own bread—

SWIPES. Ay, by the sweat of your brow, as better people are obliged to. You would make a fine brewer's boy, if you were not too old.

CURRIE. Ay, or a saddler's lackey, if held with a tight rein.

FRANK. Gentlemen, your remarks imply that my aunt has treated me as I deserved. Allow me to bid you good day. [*He meets the Squire.*]

SQUIRE. Stop, stop, young man! We must have your presence. Good morning, gentlemen; you are early on the ground.

SWIPES. It is a trying scene to leave all one's possessions in this manner.

CURRIE. It really makes me feel melancholy when I look round and see everything but the venerable owner of these goods.

SQUIRE. Please be seated, gentlemen, and I will read the last will and testament of your deceased relative. [*He reads.*] “*Imprimis*: Whereas, my nephew, Francis Millington, by his disobedience and ungrateful conduct, has shown himself unworthy of my bounty, and incapable of managing my large estate, I do hereby give and bequeath all my houses, farms, stocks, bonds, moneys and property, both personal and real, to my dear cousins, Samuel Swipes, of Malt street, brewer, and Christopher Currie, of Fly Court, saddler”—

SWIPES. Generous creature! Kind soul! I always loved her!

CURRIE. She was always a good friend to me, and she must have had her senses perfectly, as the Squire says.

FRANK. Gentlemen, I must leave you. [*Going.*]

SQUIRE. Pray, gentlemen, keep your seats. I have not done yet. Let me see—where was I? Ay—“all my property, both personal and real, to my dear cousins, Samuel Swipes, of Malt street, brewer”—

SWIPES. Yes!

SQUIRE. “And Christopher Currie, of Fly Court, saddler”—

CURRIE. Yes, yes!

SQUIRE. “To have and to hold—IN TRUST—for the sole and exclusive benefit of my nephew, Francis Millington, until he shall have attained to lawful age, by which time I hope he will so far have reformed his evil habits as that he may safely be intrusted with the large fortune which I hereby bequeath to him.”

SWIPES. You don’t mean that we are humbugged? *In trust!* How does that appear? Where is it?

SQUIRE. There; in two words of as good English as I ever penned.

CURRIE. Pretty well, too, Mr. Squire; if we must be sent for to be made a laughing-stock of. She shall pay for every ride she had out of my chaise, I promise you.

SWIPES. And for every drop of my beer! But we will make him feel that trustees are not to be trifled with.

CURRIE. That will we!

SQUIRE. Not so fast, gentlemen; for the instrument is dated three years ago, and the young gentleman is of age and able to take care of himself. Is it not so, Francis?

FRANK. It is, sir.

SQUIRE. Then, gentlemen, having attended the breaking of this seal according to law, you are released from any further trouble in the premises.

W. B. FOWLE.

LESSON XXXVII.

THE BUGLE-SONG.

THE splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

2. O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

3. O love, they die in yon rich sky,
 They faint on hill or field or river;
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
 And grow forever and forever.
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
 And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.
- TENNYSON.

LESSON XXXVIII.

THE CONVENT OF ST. BERNARD.

Be ně'ó lent, having a disposition to do good; kind.	Glā'cier, a great field or mass of snow and ice, moving slowly down the mountain slopes, in the regions of perpetual snow.
Ĉon'vent, a company of people devoted wholly to a religious life; a house occupied by such a company.	Āv'a lānche', a vast body of snow, ice, and earth, plunging down a mountain.
Mōnk, a person who retires from the world, and devotes himself wholly to a religious life; a member of a convent.	Chāp'el, a place of worship.
Found'ed, provided for; established.	Morgue (mōrg), a place where the bodies of dead persons are laid, to be claimed by their friends.
Sāv'oy ārd', an inhabitant of Savoy.	Em. bālm', to preserve from decay by means of balms or other oils and spices, as a dead body.

“**F**AR away from any other habitation, perched on the summit of the snow-clad Alps, there exists a little world of active, benevolent men, who spend the best years of their lives in the rescue of their fellow-men from untimely death, and the amelioration of their sufferings. Storms of snow and clouds of mist come upon travelers so suddenly in those awful regions, that there is no time for escape, unless they can crawl into

one of the little storm-huts, erected here and there on the snow-covered mountain, which are often visited by these good people and their dogs, bringing help and comfort to all poor, lost creatures they may find huddled there.

2. "It is the convent of St. Bernard. It was founded over nine hundred years ago by Bernard de Menthon,



a Savoyard nobleman, who was thus the means of saving many a life. The Pass of St. Bernard, in which it is situated, has become famous since the first Napoleon crossed it with an army of forty thousand men on his way to Italy. The convent is the highest habitation in Europe.

3. "It is a fearful neighborhood for the good monks

to pass their lives in. Fancy! no pleasant corn-fields, no trees, no fragrant groves; nothing but vast and gloomy mountains, frozen glaciers, yawning precipices, and thundering avalanches,—which in their fall scatter and crush all before them,—rocks, precipices, and glaciers, all arrayed in one vast mantle of snow and ice.

4. One moment the traveler may see a beautiful blue sky, hard, and cold, and bright, above his head. The sun may be shining, glittering on the snowy ramparts around. Suddenly all is changed! Deep, dense darkness surrounds him! A storm of mingled snow, hail, and rain, such as we have no idea of here, bewilders and terrifies the poor creature, who soon loses the track and wanders about deserted and hopeless, knowing, perhaps, that the convent is somewhere near, but knowing, also, that it is quite possible to be lost and perish even within a few yards of its walls.

5. “But at such times, the monks and their noble dogs keep a sharp look-out, and go out in little parties to search about the mountain side; and the dogs seem to take an equal interest with their masters in saving human life. When they go with the good brothers in search of travelers, they have food and cordials strung around their necks in a kind of little keg.

6. “Thus provided, and being able with their light feet to cross dangerous snow-sheets where men dare not venture, these dogs save many an unfortunate wanderer, cold, and lost, and dying, but for the timely help of these unhopèd-for friends. The hounds are of a Spanish breed, large-limbed, deep-mouthed, and broad-chested, seemingly made for the difficult work they understand so well.”

7. “I wonder what the dogs do when they find people,” said Johnny, who was very much interested.

8. "If the poor creatures have resisted the drowsiness which always attacks people in intense cold, and to yield to which is death, the barking of the dog tells them that help is near; then, if they are half buried in the snow, he will lick their cold, nerveless fingers and faces, and drag them as far out as he can; he will push the little keg into their hands, and try to make them understand that they are to open it.

9. "Then he will bound back to fetch his masters, who, with their long alpenstocks or staffs in their hands, are waiting to hear the news. They know what the joyous bark of their messenger means, and follow him, if possible, to the place where their aid is required."

10. "What do they do if the people are dead? Do they leave them out in the snow?" asked Anna, as she drew closer to the side of her uncle.

11. "No. When it appears too late to save life, they lift the body from its snowy bed, and bear it carefully back to the convent. There they try every remedy; then, if unavailing, it is carried to the chapel, and a funeral service is held over the stranger, who died while willing help was so near; and finally, he is laid in the morgue, a building set apart for the purpose. And then, if any of his friends should think to come and look for the missing father or brother, they will find him, rigid and cold, waiting for the day when all shall meet again."

12. "Why do they not bury them if they are dead?" inquired Johnny, bent upon knowing the *why* of everything.

13. "They do not need to do that, because frost and snow have a preserving power. The intense and unchanging cold embalms the body, as it were, and it neither changes nor decays. If you look through the

grating of this morgue, you will see many a solemn figure, stiff and still.

14. "There is one group which always excites a great deal of interest. It is that of a mother with her little baby pressed closely to her bosom. They were found years ago, wrapped and hidden in the same white shroud, and the brothers brought them to their convent, and tried with tender hands to restore them to life. When they found it was too late to do this, they laid the child back in its mother's arms; and there they are to this day, among the grim company of the dead."

CLARA L. MATÉAUX.

NOTE. It will be well to have the class point out St. Bernard and Savoy on their maps.

LESSON XXXIX.

LOOK ALOFT.

I.

IN the tempest of life, when the waves and the gale
Are around and above, if thy footing should fail,
If thine eye should grow dim, and thy caution depart,
"Look aloft," and be firm, and be fearless of heart.

II.

If thy friend who embraced in prosperity's glow,
With a smile for each joy, and a tear for each woe,
Should betray thee when sorrows like clouds are arrayed,
"Look aloft" to the friendship which never shall fade.

III.

Should the visions which hope spreads in light to the eye,
Like the tints of the rainbow, but brighten to fly,

Then turn, and, through tears of repentant regret,
 "Look aloft" to the sun that is never to set.

IV.

Should they who are dearest,—the son of thy heart,
 The wife of thy bosom,—in sorrow depart,
 "Look aloft," from the darkness and dust of the tomb,
 To that soil where affection is ever to bloom.

V.

And, oh! when Death comes in his terror to cast
 His fears on the future, his pall on the past,
 In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart,
 And a smile in thine eye, "look aloft,"—and depart.

J. LAWRENCE.

LESSON XL,

THE COMET.

Sāt'el lites, small planets revolving around larger ones.	Dys pēp'tie, having reference to a disordered stomach.
Ēū'bie, having the form of a regular solid body with six equal square sides.	Māg'a zine', a store-house,—particularly for powder, arms, and the like.
Lēague, a measure of distance equal to three geographical miles.	Serōll, a roll of paper or parchment.
De mō'ni æ, like a demon; horrid.	Tŷr'i an, purple.
Tū'tor, an instructor; a teacher.	Brākes, the handles by which pumps are worked.

THE Comet! He is on his way,
 And singing as he flies;
 The whizzing planets shrink before
 The spectre of the skies.

- Ah, well may royal orbs burn blue,
And satellites turn pale,
Ten million cubic miles of head,
Ten billion leagues of tail!
2. On, on by whistling spheres of light,
He flashes and he flames;
He turns not to the left nor right,
He asks them not their names,
One spurn from his demoniac heel,—
Away, away they fly,
Where darkness might be bottled up
And sold for “Tyrian dye.”
3. And what would happen to the land,
And how would look the sea,
If in the bearded devil’s path
Our earth should chance to be?
Full hot and high the sea would boil,
Full red the forests gleam;
Methought I saw and heard it all
In a dyspeptic dream!
4. I saw the tutor take his tube
The comet’s course to spy;
I heard a scream,—the gathered rays
Had stewed the tutor’s eye;
I saw a fort,—the soldiers all
Were armed with goggles green;
Pop cracked the guns! whiz flew the balls!
Bang went the magazine!
5. I saw a poet dip a scroll
Each moment in a tub,
I read upon the warping back,
“The Dream of Beelzebub”;

He could not see his verses burn,
Although his brain was fried,
And ever and anon he bent
To wet them as they dried.

6. I saw the scalding pitch roll down
The crackling, sweating pines,
And streams of smoke, like water-spouts,
Burst through the rumbling mines.
I asked the firemen why they made
Such noise about the town;
They answered not, but all the while
The brakes went up and down.
7. I saw a roasting pullet sit
Upon a baking egg;
I saw a cripple scorch his hand
Extinguishing his leg;
I saw nine geese upon the wing
Towards the frozen pole,
And every mother's gosling fell
Crisped to a crackling coal.
8. I saw the ox that browsed the grass
Writhe in the blistering rays,
The herbage in his shrinking jaws
Was all a fiery blaze;
I saw huge fishes, boiled to rags,
Bob through the bubbling brine;
The thoughts of supper crossed my soul,—
I had been rash at mine.
9. Strange sights! strange sounds! O fearful dream!
Its memory haunts me still,
The steaming sea, the crimson glare,
That wreathed each wooded hill.

Stranger! if, through thy reeling brain
 Such midnight visions sweep
 Spare, spare, O spare thine evening meal,
 And sweet shall be thy sleep!

O. W. HOLMES.

2

LESSON XLI.

LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

Prëss, as here used, the publica-
 tions that issue from the print-
 ing-press, as papers, periodics,
 als, etc.

A bound'ing, plentiful.

Aug mēnt'ed, increased ; ad-
 ded to.

Īr'ri gā'ting, watering; moist-
 ening.

Boun'te oŭs, free; generous.

Ā'flu ents, small streams flow-
 ing into rivers, lakes, and the
 like.

In ěv'i ta ble, not to be avoided
 or resisted.

Ĝēn'ius, talent; great mental
 superiority.

THE liberty of the Press is the highest safeguard to
 all free government. Ours could not exist without
 it. It is like a great, exulting and abounding river. It
 is fed by the dews of heaven, which distill their sweet-
 est drops to form it. It gushes from the rill, as it
 breaks from the deep caverns of the earth.

2. It is augmented by a thousand affluents, that dash
 from the mountain top, to separate again into a thousand
 bounteous and irrigating streams around. On its broad
 bosom it bears a thousand barks. There genius spreads
 its purpling sail. There poetry dips its silver oar.
 There art, invention, discovery, science, morality and
 religion, may safely and securely float.

3. It wanders through every land. It is a genial, cordial source of thought and inspiration, wherever it touches, whatever it surrounds. Upon its borders, there grows every flower of grace, and every fruit of truth.

4. Sir, I am not here to deny that that river sometimes overflows its bounds. I am not here to deny that that stream sometimes becomes a dangerous torrent, and destroys towns and cities upon its bank. But I am here to say that, without it, civilization, humanity, government, all that makes society itself, would disappear, and the world would return to its ancient barbarism.

5. We will not risk these consequences, even for slavery; we will not risk these consequences, even for union; we will not risk these consequences to avoid that civil war with which you threaten us;—that war which you announce as deadly, and which you declare to be inevitable.

E. D. BAKER.

PLEASURES.

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow-fall in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.

LESSON XLII.

ADVENTURES OF AN INDIAN PRINCE.

PART FIRST.

Tēz en'eo, the chief city of the Tezeucons.	Čăp'i tal, the chief city or town of a country.
Săb'se quent, following after in point of time.	An ċės'tral, pertaining to or descending from ancestors.
Ro măn'tie, like romance or fiction.	In hōs'pi ta ble, not favorable to strangers or guests.
Loy'al ty, fidelity to a superior, or to duty, love, etc.	Čċens'er, a vase or pan in which incense is burned.
Ĭn'ter ċės'sion, prayer or solicitation to one party in favor of another.	Ĭn'ċense, the odor of spices and gums burned in religious rites.
	Seour, to hunt over thoroughly.

THE Acolhuans came into the valley of Mexico about the close of the twelfth century, and built their capital of Tezcucō on the eastern borders of the lake, opposite to Mexico. From this point they gradually spread themselves to the northern portion of the country, when their career was checked by an invasion of a kindred race, the Tepanecs, who, after a desperate struggle, succeeded in taking their city, slaying their monarch, and subjugating their kingdom.

2. The young Tezcucan prince, the heir to the crown, saw his father butchered before his eyes, while he himself lay concealed among the friendly branches of a tree which overshadowed the spot. His subsequent history is full of romantic daring and perilous escapes. Not long after his flight from the field of his father's blood, he fell into the hands of his enemy, and was borne off in triumph to the city of the Tepanecs, and thrown into prison.

3. He effected his escape, however, through the connivance of the governor of the fortress, an old servant of the family, who took the place of the royal fugitive and paid for his loyalty with his life. He was at length permitted, through the intercession of the reigning family in Mexico, which was allied to him, to retire to their capital, and subsequently to his own, where he found a shelter in his ancestral palace.

4. There he remained unmolested for eight years, pursuing his studies under an old preceptor, who had the care of his early youth, and who instructed him in the various duties befitting his princely station. At this period the Tepanec usurper died, bequeathing his empire to his son, Maxtla, a man of fierce and suspicious temper. To him, on his accession to the throne, the Tezcucan prince hastened to pay his obeisance.

5. But the tyrant refused to receive the little present of flowers which he laid at his feet, and turned his back upon him in the presence of his chieftains. One of his attendants, friendly to the young prince, admonished him to provide for his own safety by withdrawing, as speedily as possible, from the palace, where his life was in danger. He lost no time, consequently, in retreating from the inhospitable court, and returned to Tezcucoco.

6. Maxtla, however, was bent on his destruction. He saw with jealous eye the opening talents and popular manners of his rival, and the favor he was daily winning from his ancient subjects. He accordingly laid a plan for making away with him at an evening entertainment, which was only defeated by the vigilance of the prince's tutor, who contrived to mislead the assassins, and to substitute another victim in the place of his pupil.

7. The baffled tyrant now threw off all disguise and sent a strong party of soldiers to Tezcucoco, with orders

to enter the palace, seize the person of the prince, and slay him on the spot. The prince, who became acquainted with the plot through the watchfulness of his preceptor, instead of flying, as he was counseled, resolved to await his enemy.

8. They found him playing at ball, when they arrived, in the court of his palace. He received them courteously, and invited them in to take some refreshments after their journey. While they were occupied in this way he passed into an adjoining saloon, which excited no suspicion, as he was still visible through the open doors by which the apartments communicated with each other.

9. A burning censer stood in the passage, and, as it was fed by the attendants, threw up such clouds of incense as obscured his movements from the soldiers. Under this friendly veil he succeeded in making his escape by a secret passage, which communicated with a large earthen pipe formerly used to bring water to the palace.

10. The Tepanec monarch, enraged at this repeated disappointment, ordered instant pursuit. A price was set on the head of the royal fugitive. Whoever should take him, dead or alive, was promised, however humble his degree, the hand of a noble lady, and an ample domain along with it. Troops of armed men were ordered to scour the country in every direction.

11. In the course of the search, the cottage in which the prince had taken refuge was entered. But he fortunately escaped detection by being hid under a heap of maguey fibres, used in making cloth. - As this was no longer a proper place of concealment, he sought a retreat in the mountainous region lying on the borders of his estate.

LESSON XLIII.

ADVENTURES OF AN INDIAN PRINCE.

PART SECOND.

In elēm'en cy, roughness ; storminess.	U şûrp'er, one who seizes power or property which does not belong to him.
In eûrred', ran into ; became liable to, as to danger.	Ĉō'a līt'ion, a union of persons, parties or states, to accomplish some object.
Trěach'er y, breach of faith ; perfidious conduct.	Con ġert'ed, devised ; planned.
Dow'ry, a gift ; the portion given with a wife.	Hŏm'age, respect ; regard ; deference.
Ad hē'sion, adherence ; union.	Är'bi tra ry, despotic ; tyrannic.
Pro serip'tion, the act of dooming to death, exile, or outlawry.	

IN the mountains, the young prince led a wandering, wretched life, exposed to all the inclemencies of the weather, hiding himself in deep thickets and caverns, and stealing out at night to satisfy the cravings of appetite. At the same time he was kept in constant alarm by the activity of his pursuers, always hovering on his track.

2. On one occasion he sought refuge from them among a small party of soldiers, who proved friendly to him, and concealed him in a large drum around which they were dancing. At another time, he was just able to turn the crest of a hill as his enemies were climbing it on the other side, when he fell in with a girl who was reaping a certain Mexican plant, the seed of which was much used in the drinks of the country.

3. He persuaded her to cover him up with the stalks she had been cutting. When his pursuers came up and

inquired if she had seen the fugitive, the girl coolly answered that she had, and pointed out a path as the one he had taken. Notwithstanding the high rewards offered, the prince seems to have incurred no danger from treachery, such was the general attachment to himself and his house.

4. "Would you not deliver up the prince if he came in your way?" he inquired of a young peasant who was not acquainted with his person. "Not I," replied the other.

5. "What, not for a fair lady's hand, and a rich dowry beside?" At which the other only shook his head and laughed. Indeed, on more than one occasion his faithful people submitted to torture, and even to the loss of their lives, rather than disclose the place of his retreat.

6. However gratifying such proofs of loyalty might be to his feelings, the situation of the prince in these mountain solitudes became every day more distressing. It gave a still keener edge to his own sufferings to witness those of his faithful followers who chose to accompany him in his wanderings.

7. "Leave me," he would say to them, "to my fate! Why should you throw away your own lives for one whom fortune is never weary of persecuting?" Most of the great Tezcucan chiefs had consulted their interests by a timely adhesion to the usurper. But some still clung to their prince, preferring proscription, and death itself, rather than to desert him in his extremity.

8. In the meantime, the oppressions of Maxtla, and his growing empire, had caused general alarm in the surrounding states, whose people recalled the mild rule of the Tezcucan princes. A coalition was formed, a plan of operations concerted, and, on the day appointed for a general rising, the prince found himself at the head of a force sufficiently strong to face his enemies.

9. An engagement came on, in which the Tepanees were totally discomfited ; and the victorious prince, receiving everywhere on his route the homage of his joyful subjects, entered his capital, not like a proscribed outcast, but as the rightful heir, and saw himself once more enthroned in the hall of his fathers.

10. Soon after he united his forces with the Mexicans, long disgusted with the arbitrary conduct of Maxtla. The allied powers, after a series of bloody engagements, routed the usurper under the walls of his own capital. He fled to the baths, whence he was dragged out, and sacrificed with the usual cruel ceremonies of the Aztecs.

11. The restored prince became one of the most illustrious monarchs of the New World, and, after a prosperous reign of nearly half a century, dropped peacefully into the tomb.

WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.

LESSON XLIV.

THE COLOR-BEARER.

Ėn'fi lāde', to rake with shot through the whole length, as a line of troops.	Grīme, dirt ; sullyng blackness.
Pla toon', half of a company of soldiers.	Em bră'sure, an opening in a wall through which cannon are pointed and fired.
Hûrt'ling, making a clashing, terrifying sound.	Ăb'a tis, branches of trees sharpened and laid with the points outward, to obstruct the approach of assailants.
Băs'tion, a certain portion of a fort or defence.	Văn, the front of an army.

'T WAS a fortress to be stormed :
 Boldly right in view they formed,
 All as quiet as a regiment parading :

Then in front a line of flame !
Then at left and right the same !
Two platoons received a furious enfilading.
To their places still they filed,
And they smiled at the wild
Cannonading.

2. " 'Twill be over in an hour !
'Twill not be much of a shower !
Never mind, my boys," said he, " a little drizzling !"
Then to cross that fatal plain
Through the whirring, hurtling rain
Of the grapeshot and the minie-bullets whistling !
But he nothing heeds nor shuns,
As he runs with the guns
Brightly bristling !

3. Leaving trails of dead and dying
In their track, yet forward flying,
Like a breaker where the gale of conflict rolled them,
With a foam of flashing light
Borne before them on their bright
Burnished barrels—O, 'twas fearful to behold them !
While from ramparts roaring loud
Swept a cloud like a shroud
To enfold them !

4. O, his colors were the first !
Through the burying cloud he burst,
With the standard to the battle forward slanted !
Through the belching, blinding breath
Of the flaming jaws of Death,
Till his banner on the bastion he had planted !
By the screaming shot that fell
And the yell of the shell,
Nothing daunted.

- 10
5. Right against the bulwark dashing,
Over tangled branches crashing,
'Mid the plunging volleys thundering ever louder !
There he clambers, there he stands,
With the ensign in his hands—
O, was ever hero handsomer or prouder?
Streaked with battle-sweat and slime,
And sublime in the grime
Of the powder !
6. 'Twas six minutes, at the least,
Ere the closing combat ceased—
Near as we the mighty moments then could measure—
And we held our souls with awe,
Till his mighty flag we saw
On the lifting vapors drifting o'er the embrasure !
Saw it glimmer in our tears,
While our ears heard the cheers
Rend the azure !
7. Through the abatis they broke,
Through the surging cannon smoke,
And they drove the foe before like frightened cattle !
O, but never wound was his,
For in other wars than this,
Where the volleys of life's conflict roar and rattle,
He must still, as he was wont,
In the front bear the brunt
Of the battle.
8. He shall guide the van of truth,
And in manhood, as in youth,
Be her fearless, be her peerless color-bearer !
With his high and bright example,
Like a banner brave and ample,

Ever leading through receding clouds of error,
To the empire of the Strong,
And to Wrong, he shall long
Be a terror.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

LESSON XLV.

COMPLAINTS OF THE POOR.

“**A**ND wherefore do the Poor complain?”
The Rich man asked of me;—
“Come, walk abroad with me,” I said,
“And I will answer thee.”

2. 'Twas evening, and the frozen streets
Were cheerless to behold;
And we were wrapped and coated well,
And yet we were a-cold.
3. We met an old bareheaded man,
His locks were few and white;
I asked him what he did abroad
In that cold winter's night.
4. The cold was keen indeed, he said,
But at home no fire had he,
And therefore he had come abroad
To ask for charity.
5. We met a young barefooted child,
And she begged loud and bold;
I asked her what she did abroad
When the wind it blew so cold.

6. She said her father was at home,
And he lay sick a-bed,
And therefore was it she was sent
Abroad to beg for bread.
7. We saw a woman sitting down
Upon a stone to rest;
She had a baby at her back,
And another at her breast.
8. I asked her why she loitered there,
When the night-wind was so chill;
She turned her head, and bade the child
That screamed behind, be still;—
9. Then told us that her husband served,
A soldier, far away,
And therefore to her parish she
Was begging back her way.
10. I turned me to the Rich man then,
For silently stood he—
“You asked me why the Poor complain,
And these have answered thee!”

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

WOMAN.

O woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel, thou!

SCOTT.

LESSON XLVI.

THE TOURNEY.

Chăll'enge, an invitation to a contest of any kind.	Hě'r'alds, those who give ti- dings of events.
Op pō'nent, one who opposes; a foe.	Prow'ess, military bravery; valor.

EDWARD the Sixth, then thirteen years of age, ruled in "Merrie England" in 1550, and the festivities of his coronation were of the most varied and entertaining description.

2. The sixth of January was the gayest and busiest day of all. At early dawn there was hammering, and clinking, and industrious stir in the palace yard; for a Tourney, the crowning spectacle of those warlike times, was to be held.

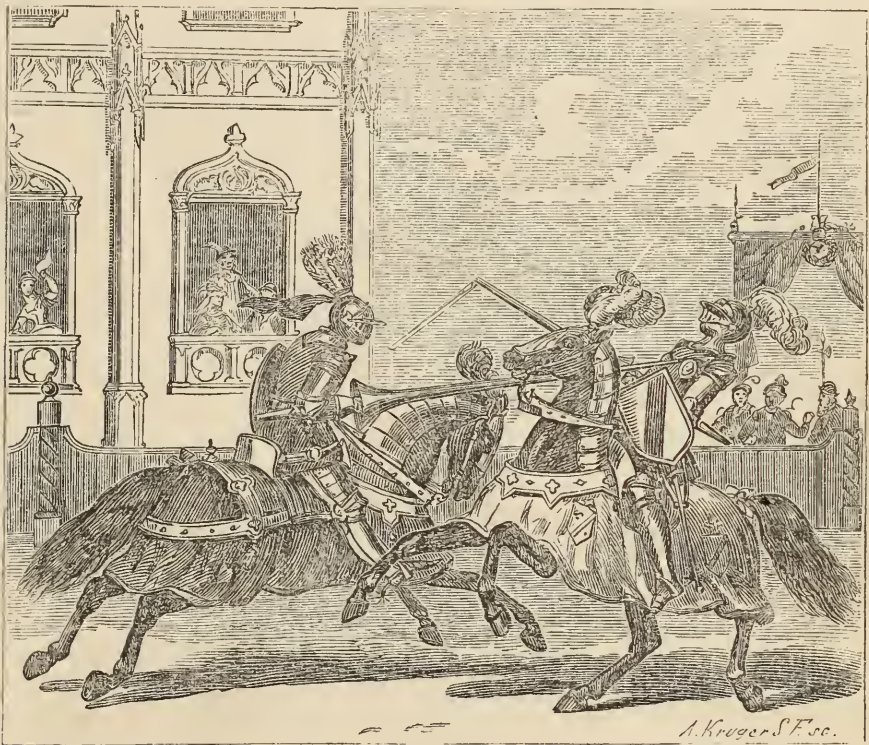
3. The King and the chief members of his council overlooked the scene from a window of the palace, and at other windows were gathered the ladies of the court. The heralds sounded the challenge, and announced that Sir Henry Sydney, Sir Henry Nevil, and Sir Henry Gates, gentlemen of valor and prowess, were ready to break a lance with all comers.

4. After the challenge had been proclaimed, the three knights rode slowly along the barrier, bowing to the King and the ladies. Down one side of the barrier and up the other they rode abreast, until they reached their starting point, when they reined in their steeds, and waited an answer to the challenge.

5. Three times a trumpet sounded, and a herald announced that several valiant lords were willing to ride a course and break a lance with the challengers. Then

eighteen knights also rode down the course, bowing to the King, and acknowledging the smiles and greetings of the ladies, and reined up at the other end of the barrier, opposite the challenging knights.

6. The King lifted a gilded staff, and dropped it as a signal that the Tourney might begin. The heralds sounded the charge, and, like two thunder-bolts, Sir Henry Sydney and the Lord Fitzwalter dashed at each other, lance in rest, from opposite sides of the barrier.



7. They met in the center. The lance of Lord Fitzwalter struck his opponent full on the steel breast-plate, and was shivered to pieces. That of Sir Henry Sidney struck Lord Fitzwalter's helmet, and threw him to the ground. The ladies waved their scarfs and handkerchiefs, the King clapped his hands in delight, and the successful knight rode proudly back to his place.

8. Next came Sir Henry Nevil, and Sir George Howard. The latter was also struck in the head, but his helmet fastenings gave way, and he rode on bare-headed. One after the other the three challengers met the defendants, and after much riding and many hard thrusts, all were unhorsed, except Sir Henry Sydney, of the challengers, and Sir William Stafford, of the defendants.

9. Great was the excitement as the trumpet sounded the charge for these two. There was a sudden crash. The two horses were thrown back on their haunches, but the riders sat unmoved, holding the stumps of their shivered lances. The King dropped his staff as a sign that the contest should cease, but the two knights rode up to the window and begged permission for the joust to continue until one or the other was defeated. The King was delighted and gave the desired permission.

10. The knights rode back to their places. Again the trumpets sounded, and again they hurled themselves upon each other. But neither fell. The lance of one was shattered, the helmet of the other was broken from its fastenings; but both rode erect and firm. Fresh lances were then supplied, and again the knights dashed toward each other.

11. This time fortune favored Sir Henry Sydney. The lance of his rival struck the visor of his helmet, but glanced off. His lance struck his opponent full in the face, and bore him to the earth. Then the trumpets sounded a victory, and shouts went up from hundreds of throats. The ladies dropped scarfs and ribbons on the successful knight as he passed under the window; and when he made obeisance to the King, Edward presented to him his own ring.

J. U. A. BOON.

LESSON XLVII.

AMERICA'S EXPERIMENT.

Pöp'ū lar, pertaining to the common people.	De gree', a 360th part of a circle; a distance measured on the curve of the earth's surface.
Fôr'mi da ble, powerful; causing dread.	Ĉāt'a lōgue, a list of names, titles, or articles, arranged methodically; a record.
Lăt'i tūde, distance from side to side; the distance of any place on the globe north or south of the equator.	In serip'tion, something written or engraved, especially on a solid substance, to communicate knowledge.
Lōn'gi tude, length; distance between meridians on the earth's surface.	

HERE is the latest experiment in popular self-government. If in the United States this grand experiment fail, where and when can it be repeated? The Atlantic rolls between us and any formidable foe. Within our territory, stretching through many degrees of latitude and longitude, we have the choice of many products, and many means of independence.

2. The government is mild. The press is free. Religion is free. Knowledge reaches, or may reach, every home. What fairer prospect of success could be presented? What means more adequate to accomplish the sublime end? What more is necessary than for the people to preserve what they have themselves created?

3. Already has the age caught the spirit of our institutions. It has already ascended the Andes and snuffed the breezes of both oceans. It has infused itself into the life-blood of Europe and warmed the sunny plains of France and the Lowlands of Holland.

4. It has touched the philosophy of Germany and the north, and, moving onward to the south, has opened to Greece the lessons of her better days. Can it be that America, under such circumstances, can betray herself? Can it be that she is to be added to the catalogue of republics the "inscription upon whose ruins is: THEY WERE, BUT THEY ARE NOT? Forbid it, my countrymen! Forbid it, Heaven!

JUDGE STORY.

LESSON XLVIII.

THE SHIP OF STATE.

THOU, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all its hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!

2. We know what masters laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge, and what a heat,
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope.
3. Fear not each sudden sound and shock;
'Tis of the wave, and not the rock!
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
4. In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,

Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
 Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee—
 Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
 Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
 Are all with thee—are all with thee!

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

LESSON XLIX.

THE MAN IN THE BELL.

Vĩ çĩn'ĩ ty, nearness.

Ca thē'dral, the head church
 of a diocese.

Con vŭl'sive, spasmodic; sud-
 den and energetic; as, *convul-*
sive movement.

Prĩn'çi pal ly, chiefly; for the
 most part.

Pre çip'ĩ tã'ted, thrown head-
 long.

Im'pulse, a force acting sud-
 denly.

Chãn'çel, that part of a church
 between the altar and the rail-
 ing that incloses it.

In stĩnet'ive ly, without rea-
 soning; by natural impulse.

Ōs'çil lã'ting, vibrating; swing-
 ing to and fro.

Cow'er, to shrink, as from
 danger.

Teem, to be full to overflowing.

Rãven ing, voracious; mad
 with hunger.

Dis tĩnet', separate; different.

Çom'pu tã'tion, the act of cal-
 culating or estimating.

Re coiled', drew back; fell back.

Stĩm'u lã'ted, roused to action.

IN my younger days, bell-ringing was much more in fashion among the young men than it is now. Some fifty years ago, about twenty of us, who dwelt in the vicinity of the cathedral, formed a club which used to ring every peal that was called for. But my bell-ringing practice was shortened by a singular accident, which not only stopped my performance, but made even the sound of a bell terrible to my ears.

2. One Sunday morning I went with a companion

into the belfry to ring for noon prayers; but the second stroke we had pulled showed us that the clapper of the bell we were at was muffled. The remedy was easy. "Jack," said my companion, "step up to the loft, and cut off the hat;" for the way we had of muffling was by tying a piece of an old hat, or of cloth, to one side of the clapper, which deadened every second stroke.

3. I complied, and mounting into the belfry, crept as usual into the bell, where I began to cut away. The hat had been tied on in some more complicated manner than usual, and I was perhaps three or four minutes in getting it off; during which time my companion below was hastily called away, and his place supplied by a brother of the club, who, knowing that the time had come for ringing, and not thinking that any one was above, began to pull.

4. At this moment I was just getting out, when I felt the bell moving; I guessed the reason at once—it was a moment of terror; but, by a hasty and almost convulsive effort, I succeeded in jumping down, and throwing myself on the flat of my back under the bell. The room in which it hung was little more than sufficient to contain it, the bottom of the bell coming within a couple of feet of the floor of lath. I had not laid myself down a second when the ringing began. It was a dreadful situation.

5. Over me swung an immense mass of metal, one touch of which would have crushed me to pieces; the floor under me was composed principally of crazy laths, and, if they gave way, I should be precipitated to the distance of about fifty feet upon a loft, which would, in all probability, have sunk under the impulse of my fall, and sent me to be dashed to atoms upon the marble floor of the chancel, a hundred feet below.

6. Every moment I saw the bell sweep within an inch of my face; and my eyes—I could not close them, though to look at the object was bitter as death—followed it instinctively in its oscillating progress until it came back again. It was in vain that I said to myself it would come no nearer at any future swing than it did at first; every time it descended, I endeavored to shrink into the very floor to avoid its rushing weight; and then, fearing to press too heavily on my frail support, would cower up again as far as I dared. /

7. The roaring of the bell confused my intellect, and my fancy soon began to teem with all sorts of strange and terrifying ideas. The bell pealing above, and opening its jaws with a hideous clamor, seemed to me at one time a ravening monster, raging to devour me; at another, a whirlpool ready to suck me into its bellowing abyss. I often thought that I was in a hurricane at sea, and that the vessel in which I was embarked tossed under me with the most furious vehemence.

8. I trembled lest reason should utterly desert me; lest, when utterly deprived of my senses, I should rise; to do which I was every moment tempted by that strange feeling which calls on a man, whose head is dizzy from standing on the battlement of a lofty castle, to hurl himself from it—and then death would be instant and tremendous. When I thought of this I became desperate. I caught the floor with a grasp which drove the blood from my nails, and I yelled with the cry of despair.

9. I called for help, I prayed, I shouted; but all the efforts of my voice were of course drowned in the bell. As it passed over my mouth it occasionally echoed my cries, which mixed not with its own sound, but preserved their distinct character. Perhaps this was but

a fancy. To me, I know, they then sounded as if they were the shouting, howling, or laughing of the fiends with which my imagination had peopled the gloomy cave which swung over me.

10. In twenty minutes the ringing was done. Half of that time passed over me without power of computation—the other half seemed an age. When the bell stopped, I was roused a little by the hope of escape. I did not, however, decide on this step hastily, but, putting up my hand with the utmost caution, I touched the rim. Though the ringing had ceased, it was still tremulous from the sound, and shook under my hand, which instantly recoiled as if from an electric jar.

11. A quarter of an hour probably elapsed before I again dared to make the experiment, and then I found it at rest. I determined to lose no time, fearing that I might have lain there already too long, and that the bell for evening service would catch me. This dread stimulated me, and I slipped out with the utmost rapidity, and arose. I stood, I suppose, for a minute, looking with silly wonder at the place of my imprisonment, and penetrated with joy at my escape.

12. I then rushed down the stony and irregular stair with the velocity of lightning, and arrived at the bell-ringer's room. This was the last act I had power to accomplish. I leaned against the wall motionless and deprived of thought, in which posture my companions found me, when, in the course of a couple of hours, they returned to their occupation.

13. But that was the last of my bell-ringing, and I have never altogether recovered from the shock of that awful experience. Even now, the chimes of sabbath bells, once sweet to my ears, strike me like a wave of agony, and ever recall the roaring cavern of that cathedral bell.

LESSON L.

CHRISTMAS EVE. 12

Lūs'tre, brightness ; splendor.

Mīn'ī a tūre, on a reduced scale ;
smaller than the objects represented.

Rein'deer, a large species of
deer, with branching horns,
found in the colder regions of
the earth, and much used for
drawing sleighs.

Öb'sta ele, that which stands
in the way.

Hūr'ri eāne, a furious wind-
storm.

Tār'nished, soiled ; dimmed.

Rū'bi eund, red ; ruddy.

Töd'dy, a mixture of spirit and
water sweetened.

'T WAS the night before Christmas, when all
through the house

Not a creature was stirring—not even a mouse.

The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,

In the hope that St. Nicholas soon would be there.

The children were nestled all snug in their beds,

While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads ;

And mamma in kerchief, and I in my cap,

Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,

When out on the lawn there rose such a clatter

I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.

2. Away to the window I flew like a flash,

Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.

The moon on the breast of the new fallen snow

Gave the lustre of midday to objects below—

When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,

But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,

With a little old driver, so lively and quick,

I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.

3. More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted and called them by name:
“Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now Prancer, now,
Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Dunder and Blixen!
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!”



4. As dry leaves before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky,
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas too.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof,
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof;
As I drew in my head and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.

5. He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
And a bundle of toys was flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack ;
His eyes, how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry ;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow.
6. The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke of it circled his head like a wreath ;
He had a broad face, and a little round body,
And, though rubicund, he was no lover of toddy;
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him in spite of myself.
7. A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread ;
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings ; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle ;
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
“ Merry Christmas to all ! and to all a good night ! ”

CLEMENT C. MOORE.

NOTE.—St. Nicholas, whose Dutch name is *Santa Claus*, is the patron saint of boys. He is said to have been Bishop of Myra, and to have died in the year 326. The young were taught to revere him, and fiction represents him as the bearer of presents to children on Christmas eve. His fabled home is among the icebergs and eternal snows of the north.

LESSON LI.

BEES AT WORK.

PART FIRST.

Căp'tious, disposed to find
fault.

Ex ĕm'pla ry, suitable for a
model.

Mō lĕst', disturb.

Scrū'ti nize, examine carefully.

Ex ū' ding, giving out ; dis-
charging.

An tĕn'naē, organs of touch
in insects.

Bār ri cād'ed, obstructed.

“**T**HOSE who live in glass houses must not throw stones ;” but, as there is no rule without exceptions, we throw it out as a suggestive inquiry to any of our captious young friends, whether the little winged dwellers in glass hives, exemplary in all the relations of life, and faultless in their social and moral qualities, may not be privileged to have a fling in any direction.

2. Active, happy, and too kindly to use their stings while unprovoked, their pleasant humming falls on our ears as one of those soothing sounds in nature, like the plashing of the waterfall, the sigh of the wind, among the trees, or the music of the

“hidden brook.”

In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune,”

which harmonize with all good and sacred thoughts.

3. But the bee was not born merely to hum ; it hums only to beguile its work. Let us watch the little tribes as they pass to and fro from their hive this morning. We need not fear their stings if we stand aside, and do not put ourselves in the way of the busy citizens. If some

human monster will obstruct their passage, and come between them and their store-house gate, and will not move on at the sound of an angry buzz, the way *must* be cleared, even at the expense of an occasional sting. So let us keep to the side, and they will be far too busy to turn from their labors to examine, still less to molest us.

4. First of all, we see some half-dozen loitering idly about the door. No, not idly, for see how they scrutinize each fresh arrival, as if to say, "Have you brought home a proper load of honey, or have you only been at play?" But this is not their chief duty. They may be only making a passing salute, inquiring of their returning friends about the state of the weather, or the flower crop, whether the white clover is plentiful, or the lime-trees are exuding honey well.

5. They are there mainly to warn off intruders. If we approach too near in front, one of these sentries will dash forward with an angry buzz, and, if we do not wisely take the hint, the brave little soldier will soon return with a re-enforcement from the guard-room to enforce the command. Horses, dogs and other animals understand this threatening buzz very well, and soon retire. But their smaller foes are not so easily repelled. The sentinels touch with their antennæ every creature that tries to creep in, exactly like a soldier on guard demanding the pass-word. /

6. Now hornets, wasps, and moths, who, like human beings, do not make honey, have a very sweet tooth, and know where the nectar is stored. They often try to pass the barrier, and, being individually stronger than a bee, would succeed, were not the sentinel speedily re-enforced. We may often see dead wasps

laid in front of the hive, and, sometimes can witness a pitched battle, though the intruder is generally driven off, and seeks safety in flight, like a robber with a bad conscience.

7. When the guard is relieved at night, the door is often barricaded with a wall of *propolis* and wax, to keep out the night-flying moths. Slugs are not so easily warned off, and will sometimes creep in, more from stupidity than from mischief. When this happens, the bees kill the intruder, and, unable to drag it outside, plaster it over with a coating of *propolis*, the resinous wax with which they line their dwelling, and leave the mummy at the bottom of the hive. If it is a snail which has intruded, they send him within his shell by a single sting, and then wall him in, and cement his living tomb to the floor with its mouth downwards.

LESSON LII.

BEES AT WORK.

PART SECOND.

Lär'vaē, immature young of in-
sects.

Pâr vey'ors, providers.

As sîd'û ous, careful.

Po'tént âte, one who possesses
power.

Dis gôrge', pour forth.

BUT the bees who are passing and repassing the sentries are not all laden alike. Some of them have little yellow or red tufts on their legs, others have none. But all who return are laden with something. There are three substances required in the hive—pollen, or bee-bread, the food of the youngest larvæ; wax, to

make the combs; and honey, for the support of the community. Those with tufts on their legs have been collecting the pollen from the flowers. The purveyors of honey and wax carry their stores, drawn from the nectar of flowers and the sweet juices of trees, in their throats.

2. The honey-gatherers and wax-gatherers—for these are really, the same—draw, in the juices, from the flowers by their trunk, which serves as a mouth and a pump, through which the liquid passes into the first stomach, and thus is carried to the hive. But often the laborer does not wait to disgorge, itself into the cell, but, on arriving at the door, opens its throat, when another bee, perhaps one, more aged and feeble, and less capable of field work, though perfectly fit for domestic toil at home, receives the sweet load and discharges it into the storehouse. / /

3. Of course the workers feed themselves while they are out, and often give a supply to their friends by the way. They also feed those employed on the combs, by going to the place where they are working and stretching out their trunks. The other bee inserts the end of its trunk, and sucks up the offered honey without having to leave its work.

4. Let us now follow the workers inside the hive. And here, if we have not a glass hive through which to watch, we must be content with a peep by the eyes of others. Just beyond the sentries are stationed those who relieve the purveyors from the field. Others are busy in cleaning and sweeping out the bottom of the hive, others in storing honey or, bee-bread, more still in forming new combs, and many others in tending and feeding the young larvæ in the breeding-cells, or wait-

ing on the queen. For all these working bees, industrious though they are as laborers, assiduous as nurses, are toiling for their brothers and sisters.

5. As with the wasps, so among bees, there are three sexes—the drones, or males, who are only hatched in summer, and neither work nor sting; the queen, of whom there is only one at a time in each commonwealth; and the mass of the community, or workers, who are in reality, females stunted in their growth, and differently fed and housed in their infancy.

6. Very few people who are not bee students have ever seen a queen bee. She takes no care in the founding of a new colony. She never works from the day of her birth to her death. She is worshiped like an Eastern potentate, in the strictest seclusion, indulged and petted, instead of going forth with the first warm rays of spring morning to found new colonies, and lay the foundation of a busy city.

TRISTRAM.

LESSON LIII.

ABSALOM.

Lūll'ing, soothing.

At'ti tudes, postures.

Coûrt'e sy, polite attention.

Sÿm'me try, perfection of form.

Gärb, dress.

Yëarn'ing, longing intensely.

THE waters slept. Night's silvery vail hung low
 On Jordan's bosom, and the eddies curled
 Their glassy rings beneath it, like the still,
 Unbroken beating of the sleeper's pulse.
 The reeds bent down the stream; the willow leaves,

With a soft cheek upon the lulling tide,
Forgot the lifting winds; and the long stems,
Whose flowers the water, like a gentle nurse,
Bears on its bosom, quietly gave way,
And leaned, in graceful attitudes, to rest.
How strikingly, the course of nature tells,
By its light heed of human suffering,
That it was fashioned for a happier world!

2. King David's limbs were weary. He had fled
From far Jerusalem; and now he stood,
With his faint people, for a little rest
Upon the shore of Jordan. The light wind
Of morn was stirring, and he bared his brow
To its refreshing breath; for he had worn
The mourner's covering, and he had not felt
That he could see his people until now.
They gathered round him on the fresh green bank,
And spoke their kindly words; and, as the sun
Rose up in heaven, he knelt among them there,
And bowed his head upon his hands to pray.
3. Oh! when the heart is full—when bitter thoughts
Come crowding thickly up for utterance,
And the poor common words of courtesy
Are such a very mockery—how much
The bursting heart may pour itself in prayer!
He prayed for Israel; and his voice went up
Strongly and fervently. He prayed for those
Whose love had been his shield; and his deep tones
Grew tremulous. But, oh! for Absalom—
For his estranged, misguided Absalom—
The proud, bright being, who had burst away,
In all his princely beauty, to defy

The heart that cherished him—for him he poured,
 In agony that would not be controlled,
 Strong supplication, and forgave him there,
 Before his God, for his deep sinfulness.

10 * * * * *

4. The pall was settled. He who slept beneath
 Was straitened for the grave; and, as the folds
 Sunk to the still proportions, they betrayed
 The matchless symmetry of Absalom.
 His hair was yet unshorn, and silken curls
 Were floating round the tassels, as they swayed
 To the admitted air, as glossy now
 As when, in hours of gentle dalliance, bathing
 The snowy fingers of Judea's girls.
 His helm was at his feet; his banner, soiled
 With trailing through Jerusalem, was laid
 Reversed, beside him; and the jeweled hilt,
 Whose diamonds lit the passage of his blade,
 Rested, like mockery, on his covered brow.

5. The soldiers of the king trod to and fro,
 Clad in the garb of battle; and their chief,
 The mighty Joab, stood beside the bier,
 And gazed upon the dark pall steadfastly,
 As if he feared the slumberer might stir.
 A slow step startled him. He grasped his blade
 As if a trumpet rang; but the bent form
 Of David entered, and he gave command,
 In a low tone, to his few followers,
 And left him with his dead. The king stood still
 Till the last echo died; then, throwing off
 The sackcloth from his brow, and laying back
 The pall from the still features of his child,

He bowed his head upon him, and broke forth
In the resistless eloquence of woe:

6. "Alas! my noble boy! that thou shouldst die!
 Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair!
That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
 And leave his stillness in this clustering hair!
How could he mark thee for the silent tomb,
 My proud boy, Absalom!
7. "Cold is thy brow, my son! and I am chill,
 As to my bosom I have tried to press thee.
How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,
 Like a rich harp-string, yearning to caress thee,
And hear thy sweet '*my father!*' from these dumb
 And cold lips, Absalom!
8. "The grave hath won thee. I shall hear the gush
 Of music, and the voices of the young;
And life will pass me in the mantling blush,
 And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung;
But thou no more, with thy sweet voice, shalt come
 To meet me, Absalom!
9. "And, oh! when I am stricken, and my heart,
 Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,
How will its love for thee, as I depart,
 Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token!
It were so sweet, amid death's gathering gloom,
 To see thee, Absalom!
10. "And now, farewell! 'Tis hard to give thee up,
 With death so like a gentle slumber on thee—
And thy dark sin!—Oh, I could drink the cup,
 If from this woe its bitterness had won thee.

May God have called thee, like a wanderer, home,
My erring Absalom!"

11. He covered up his face, and bowed himself
A moment on his child; then, giving him
A look of melting tenderness, he clasped
His hands convulsively, as if in prayer;
And, as a strength were given him of God,
He rose up calmly, and composed the pall
Firmly and decently, and left him there,
As if his rest had been a breathing sleep.

N. P. WILLIS.

LESSON LIV.

CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

SIR, it matters very little what immediate spot may have been the birthplace of such a man as WASHINGTON. No people can claim, no country can appropriate him. The boon of Providence to the human race, his fame is eternity, and his residence creation. Though it was the defeat of our arms, and the disgrace of our policy, I almost bless the convulsion in which he had his origin. If the heavens thundered, and the earth rocked, yet, when the storm had passed, how pure was the climate that it cleared! how bright in the brow of the firmament was the planet which it revealed to us!

2. In the production of Washington it does really appear as if nature was endeavoring to improve upon herself, and that all the virtues of the ancient world were but so many studies preparatory to the patriot of

the new. Individual instances, no doubt, there were, splendid exemplifications, of some single qualification: Cæsar was merciful, Scipio was continent, Hannibal was patient; but it was reserved for Washington to blend them all in one, and, like the lovely masterpiece of the Grecian artist, to exhibit, in one glow of associated beauty, the pride of every model, and the perfection of every master.

3. As a general, he marshaled the peasant into a veteran, and supplied, by discipline, the absence of experience; as a statesman, he enlarged the policy of the cabinet into the most comprehensive system of general advantage; and such was the wisdom of his views, and the philosophy of his counsels, that, to the soldier and the statesman, he almost added the character of the sage! A conqueror, he was untainted with the crime of blood; a revolutionist, he was free from any stain of treason; for aggression commenced the contest, and his country called him to the command. Liberty unsheathed his sword, necessity stained, victory returned it.

4. If he had paused here, history might have doubted what station to assign him; whether at the head of her citizens, or her soldiers, her heroes, or her patriots. But the last glorious act crowns his career, and banishes all hesitation. Who, like Washington, after having emancipated a hemisphere, resigned its crown, and preferred the retirement of domestic life to the adoration of a land he might be almost said to have created?

Happy, proud America! The lightnings of heaven yielded to your philosophy! The temptations of earth could not seduce your patriotism!

PHILLIPS.

LESSON LV.

THE EXILE.

É'rin, an early name of Ireland, now used in poetry.

THERE came to the beach a poor exile of Erin,
 The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill;
 For his country he sighed, when at twilight repairing
 To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.
 But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
 For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
 Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion,
 He sang the bold anthem of Erin go bragh!

2. "Sad is my fate!" said the heart-broken stranger;
 "The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee,
 But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
 A home and a country remain not to me!
 Never again, in the green sunny bowers, [hours,
 Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet
 Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
 And strike to the numbers of Erin go bragh!
3. "Erin! my country! though sad and forsaken,
 In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;
 But, alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,
 And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more!
 O cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me
 In a mansion of peace, where no perils can chase me?
 Never again shall my brothers embrace me?
 They died to defend me!—or live to deplore!

4. "Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wildwood?—
 Sisters and sire, did ye weep for its fall?
 Where is the mother that looked on my childhood?
 And where is the bosom-friend, dearer than all?
 Ah! my sad soul, long abandoned by pleasure!
 Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure?
 Tears like the rain-drops may fall without measure,
 But rapture and beauty they cannot recall! .

5. "Yet all its sad recollections suppressing,
 One dying wish my lone bosom can draw;—
 Erin! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing!
 Land of my forefathers! Erin go bragh!
 Buried and cold, when my heart stills its motion,
 Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean!
 And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion:
 'Erin mavournin—Erin go bragh!'"

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

LESSON LXI.

THE REVEILLE.

HARK! I hear the tramp of thousands
 And of armed men the hum;
 Lo! a nation's hosts have gathered
 Round the quick alarming drum—
 Saying, "Come,
 Freeman, come!
 Ere your heritage be wasted," said the quick
 Alarming drum.

2. Let me of my heart take counsel:
War is not of Life the sum;
Who shall stay and reap the harvest
When the autumn days shall come?
But the drum
Echoed, "Come!
Death shall reap a braver harvest," said the
Solemn-sounding drum.
3. But when won the coming battle,
What of profit springs therefrom?
What if conquest, subjugation,
Even greater ills become?
But the drum,
Answered, "Come!
You must do the sum to prove it," said the
Yankee-answering drum.
4. "What if, 'mid the cannons' thunder,
Whistling shot and bursting bomb,
When my brothers fall around me,
Should my heart grow cold and numb?"
But the drum,
Answered, "Come!
Better there in death united, than in life a
Recreant,—come!"
5. Thus they answered,—hoping, fearing,
Some in faith, and doubting some,
Till a trumpet-voice proclaiming,
Said, "My chosen people, come!"
Then the drum,
Lo! was dumb,
For the great heart of the nation, throbbing,
Answered, "Lord, we come!"

LESSON LVII.

BEETHOVEN'S MOONLIGHT SONATA.

Bee'tho ven (Bā'to ven),
a celebrated musical composer.

So nā'tā, an extended musical
composition for one or two in-
struments, consisting usually
of several movements.

Āġi tā'to (*Music*), hurried,
broken, and startling in style.

Fi nā'le (*Music*), the last move-
ment of a piece of music.

Sŷm'pho ny (*Music*), an elab-
orate instrumental composi-
tion for a full orchestra.

Härp'si ehôrd, a harp-shaped
instrument of music, with
strings of wire, played by the
fingers by means of keys pro-
vided with quills, instead of
hammers, for striking the
strings.

IT happened at Bonn. One moonlight winter's even-
ing I called upon Beethoven, for I wanted him to
take a walk, and afterward sup with me. In passing
through some dark, narrow street, he paused suddenly.
“Hush!” he said, “what sound is that? It is from
my symphony in F,” he said, eagerly. “Hark, how
well it is played!”

2. It was a little, mean dwelling; and we paused out-
side and listened. The player went on; but in the
midst of the finale there was a sudden break, then the
voice of sobbing. “I cannot play any more—it is so
beautiful, it is so utterly beyond my power to do it jus-
tice. Oh! what would I not give to go to the concert
at Cologne?”

3. “Ah, my sister,” said her companion, “why create
regrets when there is no remedy? We can scarcely pay
our rent.”

“You are right; and yet I wish, for once in my life,
to hear some really good music. But it is of no use.”

Beethoven looked at me. "Let us go in," he said.

4. "Go in!" I exclaimed. "What can we go in for?"

"I will play to her," he said in an excited tone. "Here is feeling—genius—understanding. I will play to her, and she will understand it!" And before I could prevent him, his hand was upon the door.

5. A pale young man was sitting by the table, making shoes; and near him, leaning sorrowfully upon an old-fashioned harpsichord, sat a young girl, with a profusion of light hair falling over her bent face. Both were cleanly but very poorly dressed, and both started and turned toward us as we entered.

"Pardon me," said Beethoven, "but I heard music, and was tempted to enter. I am a musician."

6. The girl blushed, and the young man looked grave—somewhat annoyed.

"I—I also overheard some thing of what you said," continued my friend. "You wish to hear—that is, you would like—that is—shall I play for you?"

There was something so odd in the whole affair and something so comic and pleasant in the manner of the speaker, that the spell was broken in a moment, and all smiled involuntarily.

7. "Thank you," said the shoemaker; "but our harpsichord is so wretched, and we have no music."

"No music!" echoed my friend. "How, then, does the fraulein——"

He paused and colored up, for the girl looked full at him, and he saw that she was blind.

8. "I—I entreat your pardon," he stammered; "but I had not perceived before. Then you play by ear?"

"Entirely."

"And where do you hear the music, since you frequent no concerts?"

"I used to hear a lady practicing near us, when we lived at Bruhl two years. During the summer evenings her windows were generally open, and I walked to and fro outside to listen to her."

9. She seemed shy, so Beethoven said no more, but seated himself quietly before the piano, and began to play. He had no sooner struck the first chord than I knew what would follow—how grand he would be that night! And I was not mistaken. Never, during all the years I knew him, did I hear him play as he then played to that blind girl and her brother. He was inspired; and from the instant when his fingers began to wander along the keys, the very tone of the instrument began to grow sweeter and more equal. 2

+ 10. The brother and sister were silent with wonder and rapture. The former laid aside his work; the latter, with her head bent slightly forward, and her hands pressed tightly over her breast, crouched down near the end of the harpsichord as if fearful lest even the beating of her heart should break the flow of those magical, sweet sounds. It was as if we were all bound in a strange dream, and only feared to wake.

11. Suddenly the flame of the single candle wavered, sunk, flickered, and went out. Beethoven paused, and I threw open the shutters, admitting a flood of brilliant moonlight. The room was almost as light as before, and the illumination fell strongest upon the piano and player. But the chain of his ideas seemed to have been broken by the accident. His head dropped upon his breast; his hands rested upon his knees; he seemed absorbed in meditation. It was thus for some time.

12. At length the young shoemaker rose, and ap-

proaching him eagerly, yet reverently — “Wonderful man!” he said, in a low tone, “who and what are you?”

The composer smiled as he only could smile, benevolently, indulgently, kingly. “Listen!” he said, and he played the opening bars of the symphony in F.

13. A cry of delight and recognition burst from them both, and, exclaiming, “Then you are Beethoven!” they covered his hands with tears and kisses.

He rose to go, but we held him back with entreaties. “Play to us once more—only once more!”

14. He suffered himself to be led back to the instrument. The moon shone brightly in through the window and lit up his glorious, rugged head and massive figure. “I will improvise a sonata to the moonlight!” looking up thoughtfully to the sky and stars—then his hands dropped on the keys, and he began playing a sad and infinitely lovely movement, which crept gently over the instrument like the calm flow of moonlight over the dark earth.

15. This was followed by a wild, elfin passage in triple time — a sort of grotesque interlude, like the dance of sprites upon the sward. Then came a swift *agitato finale*—a breathless, hurrying, trembling movement, descriptive of flight, and uncertainty, and vague impulsive terror, which carried us away on its rustling wings, and left us all emotion and wonder.

16. “Farewell to you,” said Beethoven, pushing back his chair, and turning towards the door; “farewell to you.”

“You will come again?” asked they in one breath.

He paused, and looked compassionately, almost tenderly, at the face of the blind girl. “Yes, yes,” he said, hurriedly, “I will come again, and give the fraulein some lessons. Farewell! I will soon come again!”

17. They followed us in silence more eloquent than words, and stood at their door till we were out of sight and hearing.

“Let us make haste back;” said Beethoven, “that I may write out that sonata while I can yet remember it!” We did so, and he sat over it till long past day-dawn. And this was the origin of that Moonlight Sonata with which we are all so fondly acquainted.

18. Almost every one knows the sad history of this great musical composer. How he devoted years to the study of music, which was the passion of his life, during which time he became suddenly deaf, so that he was unable to hear a single note of his sublime compositions.

ANON.

THE BALLAD.

Sing to me some homely ballad,
Plaintive with the tones of love;
Harp and voice together blending,
Like the doling of the dove.

Let each cadence melt in languor
Softly on my ravished ears,
Till my half-closed eyes are brimming
With a rapture of sweet tears.

Summon back fond recollections,
Such as gentle sounds prolong;
Flow'rs of memory embalming
In the amber of a song.

CHAS. KENT.

LESSON LVIII.

MARMION AND DOUGLAS.

Pal'frey, a small horse suitable
for ladies' use.

'Plain, used here for complain.

Bē hēst', command; injunction.

Mān'ors, lands belonging to a
nobleman or lord.

Peer, a nobleman.

Peer, one of the same rank; an
equal.

Swarth'y, dark-colored.

Ire, wrath; violent anger.

Un scāthed', unharmed.

Draw'bridge, a bridge of which

a whole or a part is so con-
structed as to be raised or let
down, at pleasure.

Pōrt cūl'lis, timbers joined to-
gether and pointed with iron,
to lower down into a gateway.

Row'els, spurs.

Razed, bore down; destroyed.

Gäunt'let, a large glove of mail,
worn as a defence.

Mān'dāte, command; order.

Lists, wishes; desires.

Tûr'ret, a tower on a castle.

NOT far advanced was morning day,
When Marmion did his troop array
To Surrey's camp to ride;
He had safe conduct for his band,
Beneath the royal seal and hand,
And Douglas gave a guide.
The ancient Earl, with stately grace,
Would Clara on her palfrey place,
And whispered in an undertone,
"Let the hawk stoop,—his prey is flown."

2. The train from out the castle drew,
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu:—
"Though something I might 'plain," he said,
"Of cold respect to stranger guest,

Sent hither by your king's behest,
While in Tantallon's towers I stayed,
Part we in friendship from your land,
And, noble Earl, receive my hand."

3. But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke;—
"My manors, halls, and bowers shall still
Be open, at my sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer;
My castles are my king's alone,
From turret to foundation-stone,—
The hand of Douglas is his own,
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

4. Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire,
And—"This to me!" he said,—
"An 't were not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head!
And, first, I tell thee, haughty Peer,
He who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate!
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,
(Nay, never look upon your lord,
And lay your hands upon your sword,)
I tell thee thou 'rt defied!

And if thou saidst I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"

5. On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age:
Fierce he broke forth,—“And dar'st thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?
And hop'st thou hence unscathed to go?
No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!
Up drawbridge, grooms!—What, warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall!”

6. Lord Marmion turned,—well was his need!—
And dashed the rowels in his steed,
Like arrow through the archway sprung;
The ponderous grate behind him rung:
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars, descending, razed his plume.

7. The steed along the drawbridge flies,
Just as it trembled on the rise;
Not lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim;
And when Lord Marmion reached his band,
He halts, and turns with clenched hand,
And shout of loud defiance pours,
And shakes his gauntlet at the towers.
“Horse! horse!” the Douglas cried, “and chase!”
But soon he reined his fury's pace:

“A royal messenger he came,
Though most unworthy of the name.

* * * * *

8. Saint Mary, mend my fiery mood!
Old age ne'er cools the Douglas blood,—
I thought to slay him where he stood.
'Tis pity of him, too," he cried;
"Bold can he speak, and fairly ride,
I warrant him a warrior tried."
With this his mandate he recalls,
And slowly seeks his castle walls.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

LESSON LIX.

THE PICTURE-BOOK.

Rŭd'dy, of a red color.

Făn'cies, images formed in the
mind.

Văgue, indefinite.

Tithe, a tenth part of anything.

THE black walnut-logs in the chimney
Made ruddy the house with their light,
And the pool in the hollow was covered
With ice like a lid,—it was night;

2. And Roslyn and I were together,—
I know now the pleased look he wore,
And the shapes of the shadows that checkered
The hard yellow planks of the floor;

3. And how, when the wind stirred the candle,
Affrighted they ran from its gleams,
And crept up the wall to the ceiling
Of cedar, and hid by the beams.
4. There were books on the mantel-shelf, dusty,
And shut, and I see in my mind
The pink-colored primer of pictures
We stood on our tiptoes to find.
5. We opened the leaves where a camel
Was seen on a sand-covered track,
A-dying for water, and bearing
A great bag of gold on his back;
6. And talked of the free flowing river
A tithe of his burden would buy,
And said, when the lips of the sunshine
Had sucked his last water-skin dry,
7. With thick breath, and mouth gaping open,
And red eyes a-strain in his head,
His bones would push out as if buzzards
Had picked him before he was dead!
8. Then turned the leaf over, and finding
A palace that banners made gay,
Forgot the bright splendor of roses
That shone through our windows in May;
9. And sighed for the great beds of princes,
While pillows for him and for me
Lay soft among ripples of ruffles,
As sweet and as white as could be;

10. And sighed for their valleys, forgetting
How warmly the morning sun kissed
Our hills, as they shrugged their green shoulders
Above the white sheets of the mist.
11. Their carpets of dyed wool were softer,
We said, than the planks of our floor,
Forgetting the flowers that in summer
Spread out their gold mats at our door.
12. The storm spit its wrath in the chimney,
And blew the cold ashes aside,
And only one poor little fagot
Hung out its red tongue as it died,
13. When Roslyn and I through the darkness
Crept off to our shivering beds,
A thousand vague fancies and wishes
Still wildly astir in our heads:—
14. Not guessing that we, too, were straying
In thought on a sand-covered track,
Like the camel a-dying for water,
And bearing the gold on his back.

ALICE CARY.

LESSON LX.

AN ALPINE AVALANCHE.

PART FIRST.

Hōr'i zōn'tal, parallel to the horizon; on a level.

In flēx'ion, a bend; a fold.

In'eli nā'tion, a leaning; the angle made by a body with the plane of another body or the horizon.

Pār'al lel, extended in the same direction, and in all parts equally distant.

Ar ête, a bone; a skeleton; hence, a rocky ridge.

Āl'pen stock, a long staff point-

ed with iron, used in traveling among the Alps.

Cou loir' (Kou loar'), a drain; a passage.

As ġent', the act of rising; motion upward.

Lō'eal, belonging to a particular place or district.

Pre eā'ution, previous care; caution previously employed to prevent evil.

Fūr'rōw, a trench; a channel.

Cleft, an opening; a crack.

WE had to go up a steep snow-field or couloir, about eight hundred feet high, as well as I remember. It was about one hundred and fifty feet broad at the top, and near five hundred at the bottom. During the ascent we sank about one foot deep at every step. Bennen did not seem to like the look of the snow very much. He asked the local guides whether avalanches ever came down this couloir, to which they answered that our position was perfectly safe.

2. We had mounted on the northern side of the couloir, and, having arrived one hundred and fifty feet from the top, we began crossing it on a horizontal curve. The inflexion or dip of the couloir was slight, not above twenty-five feet, the inclination near thirty-five degrees.

We were walking in the following order: Bevord, Nance, Bennen, myself, Boissonet, and Rebot.

3. Having crossed over about three quarters of the breadth of the couloir, the two leading men suddenly sank considerably above their waists. Bennen tightened the rope. The snow was too deep to think of getting out of the hole they had made, so they advanced one or two steps, dividing the snow with their bodies. Bennen turned round and told us he was afraid of starting an avalanche, and we asked whether it would not be better to return and cross the couloir higher up.

4. To this proposition the three Ardon men opposed themselves; they mistook our precaution for fear, and the two leading men continued their work. After three or four steps gained in the aforesaid manner, the snow became hard again. Bennen had not moved—he was evidently undecided what he should do; as soon, however, as he saw hard snow again, he advanced and crossed parallel to, but above, the furrow the Ardon men had made.

5. Strange to say, the snow supported him. While he was passing I observed that the leader, Bevord, had about twenty feet of rope coiled round his shoulder. I of course told him to uncoil it at once and get on the *arête*, from which he was not more than fifteen feet distant. Bennen then told me to follow. I tried his steps but sank to my waist in the very first. So I went through the furrows, holding my elbows close to my body, so as not to touch the sides.

6. This furrow was about twelve feet long, and, as the snow was good on the other side, we had all come to the false conclusion that the snow was accidentally softer there than elsewhere. Boissonet then advanced; he had made but a few steps when we heard a deep,

cutting sound. The snow-field split in two about fourteen or fifteen feet above us. The cleft was at first quite narrow, not more than an inch broad.

7. An awful silence ensued; it lasted but a few seconds, and then it was broken by Bennen's voice, '*Wir sind alle verloren*' (We are all lost.) His words were slow and solemn, and those who knew him felt what they really meant when spoken by such a man as Bennen. They were his last words. I drove my alpenstock into the snow, and brought the weight of my body to bear on it; it went within three inches of the top. I then waited.

8. It was an awful moment of suspense. I turned my head towards Bennen to see whether he had done the same thing. To my astonishment, I saw him turn round, face the valley, and stretch out both arms. The ground on which we stood began to move slowly, and I felt the utter uselessness of any alpenstock. I soon sank up to my shoulders and began descending backwards. From this moment I saw nothing of what had happened to the rest of the party.

9. With a good deal of trouble I succeeded in turning round. The speed of the avalanche increased rapidly, and before long I was covered up with snow and in utter darkness. I was suffocating, when with a jerk I suddenly came to the surface again. The rope had caught on a rock, and this was evidently the moment when it broke.



LESSON LXI.

AN ALPINE AVALANCHE.

PART SECOND.

Pre ġēd'ed, went before in order of place or time.	Ĕx'tri ēāte, to free from difficulties; to disembarass.
Tre mēn'doūs, terrible; dreadful.	Sen sā'tion, feeling; sensibility.
Con elū'sion, inference; deduction; decision.	At tached', bound; fastened.
Per suād'ed, prevailed on; induced.	Pro grēss'ing, moving forward.

I WAS on a wave of the avalanche, and saw it before me as I was carried down. It was the most awful sight I ever witnessed. The head of the avalanche was already at the spot where we had made our last halt. The head alone was preceded by a thick cloud of dust; the rest of the avalanche was clear.

2. Around me I heard the horrid hissing of the snow, and far before me the thundering of the foremost part of the avalanche. To prevent myself sinking again, I made use of my arms much in the same way as when swimming in a standing position.

3. At last I noticed that I was moving more slowly; then I saw the pieces of snow in front of me stop at some yards' distance; then the snow straight before me stopped, and I heard on a larger scale the same creaking sound that is produced when a heavy cart passes over hard-frozen snow in winter. I felt that I also had stopped, and instantly threw up both arms to protect my head in case I should again be covered up.

4. I had stopped, but the snow behind me was still in motion; its pressure on my body was so strong that I thought I should be crushed to death. This tremendous pressure lasted but a short time, and ceased as suddenly as it had begun. I was then covered up by snow coming from behind me.

5. My first impulse was to try and uncover my head—but this I could not do: the avalanche had frozen by pressure the moment it stopped, and I was frozen in. Whilst trying vainly to move my arms, I suddenly became aware that the hands as far as the wrist had the faculty of motion. The conclusion was easy; they must be above the snow.

6. I set to work as well as I could; it was time, for I could not have held out much longer. At last I saw a faint glimmer of light. The crust above my head was getting thinner, and it let a little air pass, but I could not reach it any more with my hands; the idea struck me that I might pierce it with my breath.

7. After several efforts I succeeded in doing so, and felt suddenly a rush of air towards my mouth, and saw the sky again through a little round hole. A dead silence reigned around me; I was so surprised to be still alive, and so persuaded at the first moment that none of my fellow-sufferers had survived, that I did not even think of shouting for them.

8. I then made vain efforts to extricate my arms, but found it impossible; the most I could do was to join the ends of my fingers, but they could not reach the snow any longer. After a few minutes I heard a man shouting: what a relief it was to know that I was not the sole survivor! to know that perhaps he was not frozen in and could come to my assistance.

9. I answered; the voice approached, but seemed un-

certain where to go, and yet it was now quite near. A sudden exclamation of surprise! Rebot had seen my hands. He cleared my head in an instant, and was about to try and cut me out completely, when I saw a foot above the snow, and so near me that I could touch it with my arms.

10. I at once tried to move the foot; it was my poor friend's. A pang of agony shot through me as I saw that the foot did not move. Poor Boissonet had lost sensation, and was perhaps already dead. Rebot did his best: after some time he wished me to help him, so he freed my arms a little more, so that I could make use of them.

11. I could do but little, for Rebot had torn the axe from my shoulder as soon as he had cleared my head, —I generally carried an axe separate from my alpenstock, the blade tied to the belt, and the handle attached to the left shoulder. Before coming to me Rebot had helped Nance out of the snow; he was lying nearly horizontally, and was not much covered over.

12. Nance found Bevord who was upright in the snow, but covered up to the head. After about twenty minutes the two last named guides came up. I was at length taken out; the snow had to be cut with the axe down to my feet before it could be accomplished. A few minutes after one o'clock in the afternoon we came to my poor friend's face, and could see that he was dead.

13. I wished the body to be taken out completely, but nothing could induce the three guides to work any longer, from the moment they saw it was too late to save him. I acknowledge that they were nearly as incapable of doing anything as I was. When I was taken out of the snow the cord by which we had been attached had to be cut.

14. We tried the end going towards Bennen, but could not move it; it went nearly straight down, and showed us that there was the grave of the bravest guide the Valais ever had, and ever will have. The cold had done its work on us; we could stand it no longer, and began the descent. We followed the frozen avalanche for about twenty-five minutes, that being the easiest way of progressing, and then took the track we had made in the morning, reaching Ardon in five hours.

PHILIP C. GOSSETT.

LESSON LXII.

THE ANGELS OF BUENA VISTA.

Lance, a soldier armed with a spear; a lancer.		Foot, infantry soldiers; those who march and fight on foot.
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SPEAK and tell us, our Ximena, looking north-
ward far away,

O'er the camp of the invaders, o'er the Mexican ar-
ray,

Who is losing? who is winning? Are they far, or
come they near?

Look abroad, and tell us, sister, whither rolls the
storm we hear.

2. "Down the hills of Angostura still the storm of
battle rolls;

Blood is flowing, men are dying; God have mercy
on their souls!"

Who is losing? who is winning? — “Over hill and
over plain,
I see but smoke of cannon clouding through the
mountain rain.”

3. Holy Mother! keep our brothers! Look Ximena,
look once more.

“Still I see the fearful whirlwind rolling darkly as
before,

Bearing on in strange confusion, friend and foeman,
foot and horse,

Like some wild and troubled torrent sweeping down
its mountain course.”

4. “Jesu, pity! how it thickens! now retreat and now
advance!

Right against the blazing cannon shivers Puebla’s
charging lance!

Down they go, the brave young riders; horse and
foot together fall;

Like a plough-share in the fallow, through them
ploughs the Northern ball.”

5. Nearer came the storm and nearer, rolling fast and
frightful on!

Speak, Ximena, speak and tell us who has lost, and
who has won?

“Alas! alas! I know not; friend and foe together fall,
O’er the dying rush the living: pray, my sisters, for
them all!

6. “Lo! the wind the smoke is lifting: Blessed Mother,
save my brain!

I can see the wounded crawling slowly out from
heaps of slain;

Now they stagger, blind and bleeding ; now they
fall and strive to rise ;

Hasten, sisters, haste and save them, lest they die
before our eyes !

7. "O my heart's love ! O my dear one ! lay thy poor
head on my knee :

Dost thou know the lips that kiss thee ? Canst thou
hear me ? Dost thou see ?

O my husband, brave and gentle ! O my Bernal,
look once more

On the blessed cross before thee ! Mercy ! *mercy !*
all is o'er !!"

8. Dry thy tears, my poor Ximena ; lay thy dear one
down to rest ;

Let his hands be folded meekly ; lay the cross upon
his breast ;

Let his dirge be sung hereafter , and his funeral
masses said :

To-day, thou poor bereaved one, the living ask thy
aid.

9. Close beside her, faintly moaning, fair and young,
a soldier lay,

Torn with shot and pierced with lances, bleeding
slow his life away ;

But, as tenderly before him the lorn Ximena knelt,
She saw the Northern eagle shining on his pistol-belt.

10. With a stifled cry of horror straight she turned
away her head ;

With a sad and bitter feeling looked she back upon
her dead ;

But she heard the youth's low moaning, and his
struggling breath of pain,
And she raised the cooling water to his parching
lips again.

11. Whispered low the dying soldier, pressed her hand
and faintly smiled:

Was that pitying face his mother's? did she watch
beside her child?

All his stranger words with meaning her woman's
heart supplied;

With her kiss upon his forehead, "Mother!" mur-
mured he, and died!

12. "A bitter curse upon them, poor boy, who led thee
forth,

From some gentle sad-eyed mother, weeping, lonely
in the North!"

Spake the mournful Mexic woman, as she laid him
with her dead,

And turned to soothe the living, and bind the wounds
which bled.

13. Sink, oh Night, among thy mountains! Let thy cool
gray shadows fall.

Dying brothers, fighting demons, drop thy curtain
over all!

Through the thickening winter twilight, wide apart
the battle rolled,

In its sheath the sabre rested, and the cannon's lips
grew cold.

14. But the noble Mexic women still their holy task
pursued,

Through that long, dark night of sorrow, worn and
faint and lacking food.

Over weak and suffering brothers, with a tender
 care they hung,
 And the dying foeman blessed them in a strange
 and Northern tongue.

15. Not wholly lost, oh Father! is this evil world of ours;
 Upward, through its blood and ashes, spring afresh
 the Eden flowers;
 From its smoking hell of battle, Love and Pity send
 their prayer,
 And still thy white-winged angels hover dimly in
 our air.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

LESSON LXIII.

THE FIRST SNOW-FALL.

Ēr'mīne, the fur of the *ermine*,
 an animal allied to the weasel,
 an inhabitant of northern cli-
 mates.

Chānt'i eleer, a cock, so called
 from the clearness of his voice
 in crowing.

Flūr'ry, a sudden blast; a light
 breeze.

Glōam'ing, twilight; dusk.

Ēar rā'ra, a species of white
 marble.

THE snow had begun in the gloaming,
 And busily all the night,
 Had been heaping field and highway
 With a silence deep and white.

2. Every pine, and fir, and hemlock,
 Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
 And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
 Was ridged inch-deep with pearl.

3. From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
Came chanticleer's muffled crow;
The stiff rails were softened to swan's-down,
And still fluttered down the snow.
4. I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.
5. I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
Where a little headstone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.
6. Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-father
Who cares for us here below.
7. Again I looked at the snow-fall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heaped so high.
8. I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar of our deep-plunged woe.
9. And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall!"

10. Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;
 And she, kissing back, could not know
 That *my* kiss was given to her sister,
 Folded close under deepening snow.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

LESSON LXIV.

"NOBODY WILL BE THE WORSE."

Cui ras sier (kwē'rās sēr'),
 a soldier with a breastplate.

An tǎg'o nists, opponents in
 battle; enemies.

Cõn found'ed, utterly aston-
 ished.

Mas sa cred (mās'sa kērd),
 slaughtered.

Cõn'flict, fighting; actual war.

En gāge'ment, battle; a fight
 between hostile armies.

Fõrged, counterfeited; not
 genuine.

I HAVE read of a large manufacturer who was entrusted with a government contract for the supply of swords. It was for English soldiers that these swords were to be made. The maker was to be paid so much per sword. "Now," said he to himself, "there is no war just now in which these swords will have to be used. If I make them of a little commoner steel than I have agreed to do, no one will be the worse, and I shall be all the better. I shall pocket a few extra hundred pounds."

2. This money-lover made the swords, used commoner steel, delivered them to the soldiers, received his pay, and pocketed his larger profit. For some years it was as the sword-maker had said—nobody was any the worse, and he was all the better.

3. But there came a time of war. The trumpet sounded to conflict, and the regiment using this money-lover's swords was, among others, ordered to the battle-field. On the field they received orders to enter into an engagement with a body of French cuirassiers. Every man drew his sword, and stood prepared to dash at the foe. The word was given, and away they went.

4. They met their antagonists, and closed in hand-to-hand fight. But at the first stroke their swords bent and twisted, and became utterly useless. They were amazed and confounded. More gallant men never took the field, but what could gallantry do with swords like these?

5. The French regiment bore fiercely down upon them. They would rather die than run, and die they must. The helpless men fell fast. Soon the field was one heap of dead. And why did they die?

6. Were they the victims of braver soldiers, or of forged worthless metal? They were slain by their own swords—massacred, indeed, by their sword-maker's villainous love of gold.

7. Did the man say "No one will be the worse, and I shall be all the better?" That was not true, and of such deeds it never can be true. For a time it seemed that the sword-maker's words were true, but there came a later time in which they were utterly and awfully false. "By it no man will be the worse, and I shall be all the better," can never be true of a deed which is itself wrong. Wrong must bear fruit after its kind. Sooner or later it must end in suffering and shame.

DR. GUTHRIE.

LESSON LXV.

PRINCE HENRY AND FALSTAFF.

Än (*old English*), and; as if; if.

Büç'ram, coarse linen cloth stiffened with glue.

Doüb'let, a waistcoat or vest.

Mär'ry (*old English*), indeed! in truth!

Wård, a defensive position in fencing.

Tär'get, a small shield or buckler, used as a defensive weapon in war; a mark to shoot at.

Är'gu ment (*as here used*), the subject-matter, or a brief statement of the subject-matter, of a discourse, writing, picture, or the like.

PRINCE HENRY. Welcome, Jack! Where hast thou been?

FALSTAFF. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too, marry and amen! There live not three good men unchanged in England, and one of them is fat and grows old,—Heaven help the while! A bad world! I say.—A plague of all cowards! I say, still.

P. HENRY. How now, Woolsack! what mutter you?

FAL. A king's son! if I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more! You Prince of Wales!

P. HENRY. Why, what's the matter?

FAL. Are you not a coward? Answer me that!

P. HENRY. An' ye call me coward, I'll stab thee!

FAL. I call thee coward! I'll see thee hanged ere I'll call thee coward; but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You're straight enough in the shoulders; you care not who sees your back. Call you that backing of friends? A

plague upon such backing! Give me them that will face me! A plague of all cowards! still, say I.

P. HENRY. What's the matter?

FAL. What's the matter! Here be four of us have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

P. HENRY. Where is it, Jack? Where is it?

FAL. Where is it! Taken from us, it is : a hundred upon four of us.

P. HENRY. What! a hundred, man?

FAL. I am a rogue if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together! I have escaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose, my buckler cut through and through, my sword hacked like a handsaw!—I never dealt better since I was a man : all would not do. A plague of all cowards!

P. HENRY. What, fought you with them all?

FAL. All! I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish! if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then I am no two-legged creature!

P. HENRY. Pray Heaven, you have not murdered some of them!

FAL. Nay, that's past praying for! I have peppered two of them; two, I am sure, I have paid; two rogues in buckram suits! I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face! call me a horse! Thou knowest my old ward: here I lay, and thus I bore my point; four rogues in buckram let drive at me!

P. HENRY. What! four? Thou saidst but two, even now.

FAL. Four, Hal; I told thee four;—these four came all afront, and mainly thrust at me: I made no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. HENRY. Seven! why, they were but four, even now.

FAL. In buckram?

P. HENRY. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

FAL. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else! Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. HENRY. Ay, and mark thee, too, Jack.

FAL. Do so; for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of——

P. HENRY. So, two more already?

FAL. Their points being broken, began to give me ground; but I followed me close, came in foot and hand, and, with a thought,—seven of the eleven I paid.

P. HENRY. O, monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

FAL. But as Satan would have it, three knaves, in Kendal-green, came at my back, and let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand!

P. HENRY. These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable! Why, thou clay-brained heap! thou knotty-pated fool——

FAL. What! art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

P. HENRY. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal-green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? Come, tell us your reason: what sayest thou to this? Come, your reason, Jack,—your reason.

FAL. What! upon compulsion?—No: for all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion! Give you a reason on compulsion! If reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion!

P. HENRY. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin. This

sanguine coward ! this horse-back-breaker ! this huge hill of flesh——

FAL. Away, you starveling ! O, for breath to utter, what is like thee !

P. HENRY. Well, breathe a while, and then to 't again; and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this:—Poins and I saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth: mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down! Then did we two set on you four, and with a word outfaced you from your prize, and have it, yea, and can show it you here in the house. And, Falstaff, you carried yourself away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard a calf. What a slave art thou! to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was done in fight! What trick, what device canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

FAL. Ha! ha! ha!—D' ye think I did not know you? I knew you as well as he that made you. Why, hear ye, my master; was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest, I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware instinct! the lion will not touch the true prince! instinct is a great matter. I was a coward on instinct, I grant you: and I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But I am glad you have the money. Let us clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow. What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P. HENRY. Content!—and the argument shall be, thy running away.

FAL. Ah! no more of that, Hal, an' thou lovest me.

SHAKSPEARE.

LESSON LXVI.

THE SONG OF THE CLOUD.

Ġē'ni ī, good or evil spirits, or demons, supposed by the ancients to preside over a man's destiny in life; spirits.

Bask, to lie in warmth; as, to *bask* in the sun.

Sān'guīne, having a red color; warm; ardent; hopeful.

Mē'te or, a transient fiery or luminous body seen in the atmosphere.

Räck, flying, broken clouds; floating vapor in the sky.

Brōōd'ing, resting quietly.

Ōrbed, having the form of an orb; round; circular.

Zōne, a belt or girdle; one of the five great divisions of the earth with respect to latitude and temperature.

Pa vil'ion (pa vīl'yun), a movable habitation; a tent.

Ġōn'vex, curved; rounded.

Ġēn'ō tāph, an empty tomb erected in honor of some deceased person who is buried elsewhere.

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
 From the seas and the streams;
 I bear light shades for the leaves when laid
 In their noonday dreams.
 From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
 The sweet buds every one,
 When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
 As she dances about the sun.
 I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
 And whiten the green plains under;
 And then again I dissolve it in rain,
 And laugh as I pass in thunder.

2. I sift the snow on the mountains below,
 And their great pines groan aghast;
 And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
 While I sleep in the arms of the blast.

Sublime on the towers of my skyeey bowers,
Lightning, my pilot, sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder—
It struggles and howls at fits:
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in Heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

3. The sanguine Sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the Morning-star shines dead,
As on the jag of a mountain-crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea be-
Its ardors of rest and love, [neath,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

4. The orbèd maiden, with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the Moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;

And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

5. I bind the Sun's throne with the burning zone,
And the Moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam proof, I hang like a roof —
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march,
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-colored bow;
The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

6. I am the daughter of Earth and Water,
And the nursling of the Sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when with never a stain
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex
Build up the blue dome of the air, [gleams,

I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
 And out of the caverns of rain,
 Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the
 I arise and unbuild it again. [tomb,
 SHELLEY.

LESSON LXVII.

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.

Pōs'tern, a back door or gate.

Hōl'ster, a leather case for a
 pistol, carried by a horseman
 at the forepart of his saddle.

Spūme, froth; foam.

Bûr'gess es, magistrates of a
 borough or city.

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
 I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all
 three;
 "Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts
 undrew;
 "Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
 Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
 And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

2. Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace,
 Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our
 place;
 I turned in my saddle, and made its girths tight,
 Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
 Rebuckled the check-strap, chained slacker the bit,
 Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

3. 'Twas moonset at starting; but, while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Duffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mechlin church-steeple we heard the half-
chime,
So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"
4. At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper, Roland, at last,
With resolute shoulders each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray;
5. And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent
back,
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.
6. By Hasselt Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay
spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick
wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck, and staggering
knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.
7. So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Loos and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;

The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh;
'Neath our foot broke the brittle bright stubble like
chaff;

Till over by Dalhem a dome-tower sprang white,
And "Gallop," cried Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

8. "How they'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his
roan

Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

9. Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet name, my horse without
peer,—
Clapped my hands, laughed and sung, any noise, bad
or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

10. And all I remember is friends flocking round,
As I sate with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news
from Ghent.

ROBERT BROWNING.

LESSON LXVIII.

THE COYOTE.

Fûr'tive, stolen; sly; secret.	Wāke, track; trail.
Āl'le go ry, a description of one thing under the image of another.	In ċensed', enraged; provoked to anger.
Ve lōç'i pēde, a light road carriage for a single person, propelled by his own action.	Fägged, exhausted; tired.
Seraw'ny, raw-boned; lean.	Ĉon'ċen trā'ted, brought together; condensed.
Frën'zy, rage; madness; excitement.	Bländ'ly, mildly; gently.

THE coyote of the Plains is a long, slim, sick, and sorry-looking skeleton with a gray wolf-skin stretched over it, a tolerably bushy tail that forever sags down with a despairing expression of forsakenness and misery, a furtive and evil eye, and a long, sharp face with a slightly lifted lip and exposed teeth.

2. He has a general slinking expression all over. The coyote is a living, breathing allegory of want. He is always hungry. He is always poor, out of luck, and friendless. The meanest creatures despise him, and even the fleas would desert him for a velocipede. He is so spiritless and cowardly that, even while his exposed teeth are pretending a threat, the rest of his face is apologizing for it.

3. And he is so homely!—so scrawny, and ribby, and coarse-haired, and pitiful! When he sees you he lifts his lip and lets a flash of his teeth out, and then turns a little out of the course he was pursuing, lowers his head a bit, and strikes a long, soft-footed trot

through the sage-brush, glancing over his shoulder at you, from time to time, till he is out of pistol range. Then he stops and takes a deliberate look at you; he will trot fifty yards and stop again—another fifty and stop again; and finally the gray of his gliding body blends with the gray of the sage-brush, and he disappears.

4. But if you start a swift-footed dog after him, you



will enjoy it ever so much—especially if it is a dog that has a good opinion of himself and has been brought up to think that he knows something about speed. The coyote will go swinging gently off on that deceitful trot of his, and every little while he will smile a fraudulent smile over his shoulder that will fill that dog full of encouragement and worldly ambition.

5. And then the dog will lay his head still lower to the ground, and stretch his neck further to the front, and pant more fiercely as he moves his furious legs with a yet wilder frenzy, leaving a broader and broader, and higher and denser cloud of desert sand smoking behind, and marking his long wake across the level plain !

6. All this time the dog is only a short twenty feet behind the coyote, and to save the life of him he cannot understand why it is that he cannot get any closer; and he begins to get aggravated, and it makes him madder and madder to see how gently the coyote glides along and never pants or sweats or ceases to smile; and he grows still more incensed to see how shamefully he has been taken in by an entire stranger, and what an ignoble swindle that calm, soft-footed trot is.

7. And next the dog notices that he is getting fagged, and that the coyote actually has to slacken speed a little, to keep from running away from him. And then that town dog is mad in earnest, and he begins to strain, and weep, and snarl, and paw the sand higher than ever, and reach for the coyote with concentrated and desperate energy.

8. This spurt finds him six feet behind the gliding enemy, and two miles from his friends. And then, in the instant a wild new hope is lighting up his face, the coyote turns and smiles blandly upon him once more, and with a something about it which seems to say :

9. "Well, I shall have to tear myself away from you, bub—business is business, and it will not do for me to be fooling along this way all day." And forthwith there is a rushing sound, and the sudden splitting of a long crack through the atmosphere, and behold that dog is solitary and alone in the midst of a vast solitude!

MARK TWAIN.

LESSON LXIX.

A BROKEN HOME.

Re cĕss'es, secret chambers ;
inner places.

Pat'ron iz'ing ly, in the man-
ner of one who confers a favor ;
assuming an air of protection.

Jäun'ty, showy; fantastic.

Re gäled', entertained in a
princely manner; feasted.

Tĕn'drils, spiral shoots of plants

that wind round another body
for support.

Void, an empty space; a vacuum.

Cor di äli ty, sincere affection
and kindness ; heartiness of
regard.

Im päs'sive, cold; stolid; with-
out feeling.

IT is Nelly's own fair hand, yet sadly blotted;—
blotted with her tears, and blotted with yours.

—"It is all over, dear, dear Clarence! oh, how I wish you were here to mourn with us! I can hardly now believe that our poor mother is indeed dead."

2. Dead!—It is a terrible word. You repeat it, with a fresh burst of grief. The letter is crumpled in your hand. Unfold it again, sobbing, and read on.

"For a week, she had been failing every day; but on Saturday, we thought her very much better. I told her I felt sure she would live to see you again.

3. "'I shall never see him again, Nelly,' said she, bursting into tears."

—Ah, Clarence, where is your youthful pride, and your strength now?—with only that frail paper to annoy you, crushed in your grasp!

4. "She sent for Father, and taking his hand in hers, told him she was dying. I am glad you did not see his grief. I was kneeling beside her, and she put her hand upon my head, and let it rest there for a moment, while her lips moved, as if she were praying.

“ ‘Kiss me, Nelly,’ said she, growing fainter: ‘kiss me again for Clarence.’

“A little while after she died.”

5. For a long time you remain with only that letter, and your thought for company. You pace up and down your chamber: again you seat yourself and lean your head upon the table, enfeebled by the very grief, that you cherish still. The whole day passes thus: you excuse yourself from all companionship: you have not the heart to tell the story of your troubles to anyone. How is this? Is sorrow too selfish, or too holy?

* * * * *

6. It is late afternoon when you come in sight of the tall sycamores that shade your home; you shudder now lest you may meet any whom you once knew. The first, keen grief of youth seeks little of the sympathy of companions: it lies,—with a sensitive man,—bounded within the narrowest circles of the heart. They only who hold the key to its innermost recesses can speak consolation. Years will make a change;—as the summer grows in fierce heat, the balminess of the violet banks of spring is lost in the odors of a thousand flowers;—the heart, as it gains in age, loses freshness, but wins breadth.

7. You draw your hat over your eyes as you walk toward the familiar door; the yard is silent; the night is falling gloomily; a few katydids are crying in the trees. The mother’s window, where—at such a season as this, it was her custom to sit watching your play, is shut; and the blinds are closed over it. The honey-suckle which grew over the window, and which she loved so much, has flung out its branches carelessly; and the spiders have hung their foul nets upon its tendrils.

8. And she, who made that home so dear to your boyhood,—so real to your after years—standing amid all the flights of your youthful ambition, and your paltry cares (for they seem paltry now) and your doubts and anxieties and weaknesses of heart, like the light of your hope—burning ever there under the shadow of the sycamores,—a holy beacon, by whose guidance you always came to a sweet haven, and to a refuge from all your toils,—is gone,—gone forever!

9. The father is there indeed;—beloved, respected, esteemed; but the boyish heart, whose old life is now reviving, leans more readily, and more kindly into that void, where once beat the heart of the mother.

Nelly is there;—cherished now with all the added love that is stricken off from her who has left you forever. Nelly meets you at the door.

——“Clarence!”

——“Nelly!”

10. There are no other words; but you feel her tears, as the kiss of welcome is given. With your hand joined in hers you walk down the hall, into the old, familiar room;—not with the jaunty, college step,—not with any presumption on your dawning manhood,—oh, no,—nothing of this!

11. Quietly, meekly, feeling your whole heart shattered, and your mind feeble as a boy's, and your purposes nothing, and worse than nothing—with only one proud feeling, you fling your arm around the form of that gentle sister—the pride of a protector;—the feeling—“*I will care for you now, dear Nelly!*”—that is all. And even that, proud as it is, brings weakness.

12. You sit down together upon the lounge; Nelly buries her face in her hands, sobbing.

“Dear Nelly,” and your arm clasps her more fondly.

There is a cricket in the corner of the room, chirping very loudly. It seems as if nothing else were living—only Nelly, Clarence, and the noisy cricket. Your eye falls on the chair where she used to sit; it is drawn up with the same care as ever, beside the fire.

13. “I am so glad to see you, Clarence,” says Nelly, recovering herself; and there is a sweet, sad smile now. And sitting there beside you, she tells you of it all;—of the day, and of the hour;—and how she looked,—and of her last prayer, and how happy she was.

14. “And did she leave no message for me, Nelly?”

“Not to forget us, Clarence; but you could not!”

“Thank you, Nelly; and was there nothing else?”

“Yes, Clarence;—to meet her one day!”

You only press her hand.

Presently your father comes in: he greets you with far more than his usual cordiality. He keeps your hand a long time, looking quietly in your face, as if he were reading traces of some resemblance, that had never struck him before.

15. The father is one of those calm, impassive men, who shows little upon the surface, and whose feelings you have always thought, cold. But now, there is a tremulousness in his tones that you never remember observing before. He seems conscious of it himself, and forbears talking. He goes to his old seat, and after gazing at you a little while with the same steadfastness as at first, leans forward, and buries his face in his hands.

16. From that very moment, you feel a sympathy, and a love for him, that you have never known till then. And in after years, when suffering or trial come over you, and when your thoughts fly, as to a refuge, to that shattered home, you will recall that stooping image of

the father,—with his head bowed, and from time to time trembling convulsively with grief,—and feel that there remains yet by the household fires, a heart of kindred love and of kindred sorrow.

17. Nelly steals away from you gently, and stepping across the room, lays her hand upon his shoulder, with a touch that says, as plainly as words could say it,—
“We are here, Father!”

And he rouses himself,—passes his arm around her,—looks in her face fondly,—draws her to him, and prints a kiss upon her forehead.

“Nelly, we must love each other now, more than ever.”

18. Nelly’s lips tremble, but she cannot answer; a tear or two go stealing down her cheek.

You approach them, and your father takes your hand again, with a firm grasp,—looks at you thoughtfully,—drops his eyes upon the fire, and for a moment there is a pause:—“We are quite alone, now, my boy!”

——It is a Broken Home!

DONALD G. MITCHELL.

H O P E .

The night is mother of the day,
The winter of the spring,
And ever upon old decay
The greenest mosses cling.

Behind the cloud the starlight lurks;
Through showers the sunbeams fall;
For God, who loveth all his works,
Has left his hope with all.

J. G. WHITTIER.

LESSON LXX.

THE BELEAGUERED CITY.

Por tĕnt'ous, foreshadowing ill; ominous.	Be lĕa'guered, surrounded by an army; besieged.
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I HAVE read, in some old, marvelous tale,
 Some legend strange and vague,
 That a midnight host of spectres pale
 Beleaguered the walls of Prague.

2. Beside the Moldau's rushing stream,
 With the wan moon overhead,
 There stood, as in an awful dream,
 The army of the dead.
3. White as a sea-fog, landward bound,
 The spectral camp was seen,
 And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,
 The river flowed between.
4. No other voice nor sound was there,
 No drum, nor sentry's pace;
 The mist-like banners clasped the air,
 As clouds with clouds embrace.
5. But when the old cathedral bell
 Proclaimed the morning prayer,
 The white pavilions rose and fell
 On the alarméd air.
6. Down the broad valley fast and far
 The troubled army fled;
 Up rose the glorious morning star,—
 The ghastly host was dead.

7. I have read, in the marvelous heart of man,
That strange and mystic scroll,
That an army of phantoms vast and wan
Beleaguer the human soul.
8. Encamped beside Life's rushing stream,
In Fancy's misty light,
Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam
Portentous through the night.
9. Upon its midnight battle-ground
The spectral camp is seen,
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,
Flows the River of Life between.
10. No other voice nor sound is there,
In the army of the grave;
No other challenge breaks the air,
But the rushing of Life's wave.
11. And when the solemn and deep church-bell
Entreats the soul to pray,
The midnight phantoms feel the spell,
The shadows sweep away.
12. Down the broad Vale of Tears afar
The spectral camp is fled;
Faith shineth as a morning star,
Our ghastly fears are dead.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.



LESSON LXXI.

THE LIFE OF A CHILD.

Pröv'i dence, the foresight and care which God exercises over his creatures ; timely care ; readiness to provide.

Cöm'pen sā'ted, rewarded ; requited.

Chăt'ham, a great English statesman and orator.

Për' i elēs, a celebrated Athenian orator.

Phār'i see, one of a sect among the Jews, noted for a strict observance of the rights and ceremonies of the elders ; a pretender ; a hypocrite.

A cōus'tie, pertaining to the

ears, the sense of hearing, or the doctrine of sounds.

Pāl lā'di o, an illustrious Italian architect.

Ex plōrē', to seek for ; to range over for the purpose of discovery.

Trāns'por tā'tion, the act of transporting or carrying from one place to another.

Sēn iōr'i ty, superior age ; priority of birth.

Ėp'oeh, time ; date ; era, age.

En çy'elo pē'di ā, the circle of sciences ; a general survey of human knowledge.

THE perfection of the providence for childhood is easily understood. The care which covers the seed of the tree under tough husks and stony cases provides for the human plant the mother's breast and the father's house. The size of the nestler is comic, and its tiny beseeching weakness is compensated perfectly by the happy patronizing look of the mother, who is a sort of high reposing Providence towards it.

2. Welcome to the parents the puny struggler, strong in his weakness, his little arms more irresistible than the soldier's, his lips touched with persuasion which Chat-ham and Pericles had not. His hearty lamentations when he lifts up his voice on high, or, more beautiful, the sobbing child,—the face all liquid grief, as he tries to swallow his vexation,—soften all hearts to pity, and

to mirthful and clamorous compassion. The small despot asks so little that all reason and all nature are on his side.

3. His ignorance is more charming than all knowledge, and his little sins more bewitching than any virtue. His flesh is angels' flesh, all alive. "Infancy," said Coleridge, "presents body and spirit in unity; the body is all animated." All day, between his three or four sleeps, he cooes like a pigeon-house, sputters, and spurs and puts on his faces of importance; and when he fasts, the little Pharisee fails not to sound his trumpet before him. By lamplight he delights in shadows on the wall; by daylight in yellow and scarlet.

4. Carry him out of doors—he is overpowered by the light and by the extent of natural objects, and is silent. Then presently begins the use of his fingers, and he studies power, the lesson of his race. First it appears in no great harm, in architectural tastes. Out of blocks, thread-spools, cards, and checkers, he will build his pyramid with the gravity of Palladio. With an acoustic apparatus of whistle and rattle he explores the laws of sound. But chiefly, like his senior countrymen, the young American studies new and speedier modes of transportation.

5. Mistrusting the cunning of his small legs, he wishes to ride on the necks and shoulders of all flesh. The small enchanter nothing can withstand—no seniority of age, no gravity of character; uncles, aunts, grand-sires, grandams, fall an easy prey: he conforms to nobody, all conform to him; all caper, and make mouths, and babble, and chirrup to him. On the strongest shoulders he rides, and pulls the hair of laureled heads.

6. Fast—almost too fast for the wistful curiosity of

the parents, studious of the witchcraft of curls, and dimples, and broken words—the little talker grows to a boy. He walks daily among wonders: fire, light, darkness, the moon, the stars, the furniture of the house, the red tin horse, the domestics, who, like rude foster-mothers, befriend and feed him, the faces that claim his kisses, are all in turn absorbing; yet warm, cheerful, and with good appetite, the little sovereign subdues them without knowing it; the new knowledge is taken up into the life of to-day, and becomes the means of more.

7. The blowing rose is a new event; the garden of flowers is Eden over again to the small Adam; the rain, the ice, the frost, make epochs in his life. What a holiday is the first snow in which Two-shoes can be trusted abroad! What art can paint or gild any object in after-life with the glow which Nature gives to the first baubles of childhood! St. Peter's cannot have the magical power over us that the red and gold covers of our first picture-book possessed. How the imagination cleaves to the warm glories of that tinsel even now!

8. What entertainments make every day bright and short for the fine freshman! The street is as old as nature; the persons all have their sacredness. His imaginative life dresses all things in their best. His fears adorn the dark parts with poetry. He has heard of wild horses and of bad boys, and with a pleasing terror he watches at his gate for the passing of those varieties of each species.

9. The first ride into the country, the first bath in running water, the first time the skates are put on, the first game out of doors in moonlight, the books of the nursery, are new chapters of joy. The Arabian Nights' Entertainments, the Seven Champions of Christendom,

Robinson Crusoe, and the Pilgrim's Progress — what mines of thought and emotion, what a wardrobe to dress the whole world withal, are in this encyclopedia of young thinking!

10. And so by beautiful traits, which, without art, yet seem the masterpiece of wisdom, provoking the love that watches and educates him, the little pilgrim prosecutes the journey through nature which he has thus gayly begun. He grows up the ornament and joy of the house, which rings to his glee, to rosy boyhood.

R. W. EMERSON.

LESSON LXXII.

A FAST FRIEND.

Bōd'ing, foreshadowing; fore-
telling.

Mǎn'ū script, a written, as dis-
tinguished from a printed, doc-
ument.

Lǝr'ie, a lyric poem; a song.

Ĉärp'ing, censuring; fault-find-
ing.

A GAIN I hear that creaking step—
He's rapping at the door!—
Too well I know the boding sound
That ushers in a bore.
I do not tremble when I meet
The stoutest of my foes,
But Heaven defend me from the friend
Who comes—but never goes!

2. He drops into my easy-chair,
And asks about the news;
He peers into my manuscript,
And gives his candid views;
He tells me where he likes the line,
And where he's forced to grieve;
He takes the strangest liberties—
But never takes his leave!
3. He reads my daily paper through
Before I've seen a word;
He scans the lyric (that I wrote),
And thinks it quite absurd;
He calmly smokes my last cigar,
And calmly asks for more;
He opens everything he sees—
Except the entry door!
4. He talks about his fragile health,
And tells me of the pains
He suffers from a score of ills
Of which he ne'er complains;
And how he struggled once with death
To keep the fiend at bay;
On themes like those away he goes—
But never goes away!
5. He tells me of the carping words
Some shallow critic wrote,
And every precious paragraph
Familiarly can quote:
He thinks the writer did me wrong;
He'd like to run him through!
He says a thousand pleasant things—
But never says, "Adieu!"

6. Whene'er he comes—that dreadful man—
 Disguise it as I may,
 I know that, like an autumn rain,
 He'll last throughout the day.
 In vain I speak of urgent tasks,
 In vain I scowl and pout;
 A frown is no extinguisher—
 It does not put him out!
7. I mean to take the knocker off,
 Put crape upon the door,
 Or hint to John that I am gone
 To stay a month or more.
 I do not tremble when I meet
 The stoutest of my foes,
 But Heaven defend me from the friend
 Who never, never goes!

JOHN G. SAXE.

LESSON LXXIII.

A RACE WITH THE TIDE.

Pās'sion week, the week immediately preceding the festival of Easter.	Swālhed, bound, as with a bandage.
Vo lū'mi noūs, consisting of many coils or complications; having many volumes or books.	Sin'ū oūs ly, windingly; crookedly.
Pāl'lor, deathly paleness.	Pō'tent, powerful; forcible; efficient.
A bān'don, to give up; yield; surrender; desert.	Spēnt, exhausted; as, a <i>spent</i> wave.

THE long winter passed. March blew down warm gales that thawed the ice; the snow melted away; in April the bare willow boughs reddened like flames;

spring came early across the fields, and with the spring came Passion-week. It was Good Friday. After church Miss Yuler walked on an errand for Madam Van Voorst to the village beyond, and, the day being so balmy, took her way along the shore.

2. She had very seldom followed this path; her walks had always been in another direction—for to people who have a narrow, personal melancholy, the sea is never grateful; and, except to watch the picturesque tides of the Bay of Fundy, she had no fancy now for looking over its stretches of color and foam. The tide was out; she walked rapidly, reached the village, and performed her errand.

3. It was about two hours past noon when, bathed and refreshed, Van came down stairs. He looked into the drawing-room to see his grandmother sitting there, her spectacles dropping from her nose, the prayer-book in her lap, the April sun overlying her as she nodded away to the tune of her dream.

“Grandma!” he cried, abruptly, “where’s Miss Yuler?”

4. “Which?” said the old lady, giving her shoulder a little shake, and righting herself.

“Has Miss Yuler got home?”

“Not that I know of. Why, what’s the matter?”

“What time does the tide full?”

“About four.”

5. “It wants a quarter. Good God, she’ll be overtaken!” And he dashed out to the stable. Madam Van Voorst followed quickly.

“What are you about?” she cried, as he flung the saddle on Fautour. “You are not going to cross the sands now? Van! Van! You’ll be drowned!”

6. He flung her off like a rain-drop, sprang to the saddle, and was away like the wind.

As is very well known, it is impossible for any one to cross the head of the bay when the roar of the distant tide has once been heard; the rushing torrent overtakes the adventurous runner, and the fleetest horse cannot escape its speed. As Van's Fautour leaped down the rocks to the sand, and opened a hard gallop along the edge, a whisper like the rustle of wind in the pine-tops shivered through the air.

7. Van's eyes grew fiercer; he turned the spurs in and flew forward. The whisper crept hoarsely on his ear; it became voluminous and panting; it gathered and swept its swift sighs, and swelled, and broke into a low roar, as if a lion shook his bristling mane and glared around his distant den. Still Van bounded on; the horse was stung with fright; the sand shook with shocks of sound; he stood in the stirrup, and strained his sight along the shore; the wind of the advancing tide blew in his uncovered hair.

8. Suddenly, at a third of the distance across, Fautour swerved and stood with a quiver. Miss Yuler was standing quietly before him on the beach, her bonnet in her hand. She appeared to have been running, but must now have been motionless for several minutes; she had found it useless to make any further effort, and had abandoned the idea of life. Whatever grace of nature enriched her soul, she had in this moment surrendered herself to its sway. On her face shone the awful pallor of those who confront Death, and await him. There was, besides, some eagerness in her glittering eye to catch the beauty of her destroyer.

9. She saw Van; the color rushed up again into her cheek and lip; he gave his foot for a step, without a word, seized her hands, lifted her before him, turned Fautour about with a savage rapidity, and flew back.

It was better to die so than alone. His eyes were fastened on the misty shore; she only looked out and down the bay; neither spoke. It was now a race for life.

10. On, spear's length by spear's length, bounded the horse; on, rushing and seething, chased the tide; its chill breath stole across them, its damp swathed them, white wreaths of mist curled over their heads. At the right the banks and crags seemed awaiting its flood; at the left a narrow line of low waves crept sinuously, peering into the bay, and tossing their snowy crests like troops of wild horses. Fautour felt the danger, and did not need the red spur; with his double burden he doubled his strides, and left his shadow behind him.

11. On they raced; an element raced after. The dull and muffled tone broke in full and sonorous; the separate hiss and splash became distinct; scenting their prey, three feet at a time the waves came leaping in, receding and foaming, and eddying up again, till a wall of quartz-like transparency towered between them and the western sky, and rolled, in shattered light and fusing volume, to fill its destined depth of fathom, with the noise of many waters and the speed of wind.

12. Off from the trembling sand to the rocks sprang Fautour; up he clambered from steep to steep; the early sunset was bathing all summits in soft crimson warmth, the pale gold of the orb moon hung in the east with all her potent influences, foam-flakes fell heavily on their hair, another step would save them. A plunge—the crest curled under them, and the last wave sent its spent torrent to cool the burning hoofs that were planted rigid as iron — and the tide was full.

HARRIET E. P. SPOFFORD.

LESSON LXXIV.

THE SNOW-STORM.

Wān'ing, decreasing; declining.	rules of geometry; having regular lines, angles, etc.
Por tēnt', that which portends or foretokens.	Pēl'li ēle, a film; a thin saline crust consisting of minute crystals.
Rhÿthm, movement in musical time.	Mīm'ie, formed in imitation; imitated.
Chōres, the light work of a household; small jobs.	Sil'hōu ette, a picture of the outlines of an object filled in with a black color, like a shadow;—so named from Etienne Silhouette, a French minister of finance, who was ridiculed for his economy.
Stān'chion (stān'shun), a post; a prop or support.	Couch'ant, lying down with the head raised.
Quēr'ū loūš, quarrelsome; complaining; whining.	
Sphēr'ule, a little sphere; a small round body.	
Ĝē'o mēt'rie, according to the	

THE sun that brief December day
 Rose cheerless over hills of gray,
 And, darkly circled, gave at noon
 A sadder light than waning moon.
 Slow tracing down the thickening sky
 Its mute and ominous prophecy,
 A portent seeming less than threat,
 It sank from sight before it set.
 A chill no coat, however stout
 Of homespun stuff, could quite shut out,
 A hard, dull bitterness of cold,
 That checked, mid-vein, the circling race
 Of life-blood in the sharpened face,
 The coming of the snow-storm told.

The wind blew east: we heard the roar
Of Ocean on his wintry shore,
And felt the strong pulse throbbing there
Beat with low rhythm our inland air.

2. Meanwhile we did our nightly chores,—
Brought in the wood from out of doors,
Littered the stalls, and from the mows
Raked down the herd's-grass for the cows :
Heard the horse whinnying for his corn;
And, sharply clashing horn on horn,
Impatient down the stanchion rows
The cattle shake their walnut bows;
While, peering from his early perch
Upon the scaffold's pole of birch,
The cock his crested helmet bent,
And down his querulous challenge sent.
3. Unwarmed by any sunset light
The gray day darkened into night,
A night made hoary with the swarm
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,
As zigzag wavering to and fro
Crossed and recrossed the wingéd snow:
And ere the early bedtime came,
The white drift piled the window-frame,
And through the glass the clothes-line posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.
4. So all night long the storm roared on :
The morning broke without a sun;
In tiny spherule traced with lines
Of Nature's geometric signs,
In starry flake, and pellicle,
All day the hoary meteor fell;

And, when the second morning shone,
We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own.
Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament,
No cloud above, no earth below,—
A universe of sky and snow!

5. The old familiar sights of ours
Took marvelous shapes; strange domes and towers
Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,
Or garden wall, or belt of wood;
A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed,
A fenceless drift what once was road;
The bridle-post an old man sat
With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat;
The well-curb had a Chinese roof;
And even the long sweep, high aloof,
In its slant splendor, seemed to tell
Of Pisa's leaning miracle.
6. As night drew on, and, from the crest
Of wooded knolls that ridged the west,
The sun, a snow-blown traveler, sank
From sight beneath the smothering bank,
We piled, with care, our nightly stack
Of wood against the chimney back,—
The oaken log, green, huge, and thick,
And on its top the stout back-stick;
The knotty fore-stick laid apart,
And filled between with curious art
The ragged brush; then, hovering near,
We watched the first red blaze appear,
Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam
On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,

Until the old, rude-furnished room
Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom;
While radiant with a mimic flame
Outside the sparkling drift became,
And through the bare-boughed lilac-tree
Our own warm hearth seemed blazing free.

7. Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
Content to let the north-wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door,
While the red logs before us beat
The frost-line back with tropic heat;
And ever, when a louder blast
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
The merrier up its roaring draught
The great throat of the chimney laughed.
The house-dog, on his paws outspread,
Laid to the fire his drowsy head:
The cat's dark silhouette on the wall
A couchant tiger's seemed to fall;
And, for the winter fire-side meet,
Between the andirons' straddling feet,
The mug of cider simmered slow,
The apples sputtered in a row,
And, close at hand, the basket stood
With nuts from brown October's wood.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.



LESSON LXXV.

TOM BROWN AT THE MASTER'S TOMB.

Con'jured, raised up; produced, as if by magic.	Roöks, birds belonging to the crow family.
Vës'ti būle, the porch or en- trance into a house; a hall; an ante-chamber.	Sub serip'tion, the act of sign- ing or subscribing; a paper to which names are signed.

HE was lying on the very spot where the fights came off; where he himself had fought six years ago his first and last battle. He conjured up the scene till he could almost hear the shouts of the ring, and East's whisper in his ear; and, looking across the close to the Doctor's private door, half expected to see it open, and the tall figure in cap and gown come striding under the elm trees towards him.

2. No, no! that sight could never be seen again. There was no flag flying on the round tower; the school-house windows were all shuttered up; and when the flag went up again, and the shutters came down, it would be to welcome a stranger. All that was left on earth of him whom he had honored, was lying cold and still under the chapel floor.

3. He would go in and see the place once more, and then leave it once for all. New men and new methods might do for other people; let those who would worship the rising star, he at least would be faithful to the sun which had set. So he got up, and walked to the chapel door and unlocked it, fancying himself the only mourner in all the broad land, and feeding on his own selfish sorrow.

4. He passed through the vestibule, and then paused

for a moment to glance over the empty benches. His heart was still proud and high, and he walked up to the seat which he had last occupied as a sixth-form boy, and sat himself down there to collect his thoughts.

5. And, truth to tell, they needed collecting and setting in order not a little. The memories of eight years were all dancing through his brain, and carrying him about whither they would; while beneath them all, his heart was throbbing with the dull sense of a loss that could never be made up to him. The rays of the evening sun came solemnly through the painted windows above his head, and fell in gorgeous colors on the opposite wall, and the perfect stillness soothed his spirit by little and little.

6. And he turned to the pulpit, and looked at it, and then, leaning forward, with his head on his hands, groaned aloud — “If he could only have seen the Doctor again for one five minutes, to have told him all that was in his heart, what he owed to him, how he loved and revered him, and would, by God’s help, follow his steps in life and death, he could have borne it all without a murmur; but that he should have gone away forever without knowing it at all, was too much to bear.

7. “But am I sure that he does not know it all?”—the thought made him start—“May he not even now be near me, in this very chapel? If he be, am I sorrowing as he would have me sorrow—as I shall wish to have sorrowed when I shall meet him again?”

8. He raised himself up and looked round; and after a minute rose and walked humbly down to the lowest bench, and sat down on the very seat which he had occupied on his first Sunday at Rugby. And then the old memories rushed back again, but softened and sub-

duced, and soothing him as he let himself be carried away by them.

9. He looked up at the great painted window above the altar, and remembered how, when a little boy, he used to try not to look through it at the elm trees and the rooks, before the painted glass came—and the subscription for the painted glass, and the letter he wrote home for money to give to it. And there, down below, was the name of the boy who sat on his right hand on that first day, scratched rudely in the oak paneling.

10. And then came the thought of all his old school-fellows; and form after form of boys, nobler, and braver, and purer than he, rose up and seemed to rebuke him. Could he not think of them, and what they had felt and were feeling; they who had honored and loved from the first, the man whom he had taken years to know and love? Could he not think of those yet dearer to him who was gone, who bore his name and shared his blood, and were now without a husband or a father?

11. Then the grief which he began to share with others became gentle and holy, and he rose up once more, and walked up the steps to the altar; and while the tears flowed freely down his cheeks, knelt down humbly and hopefully, to lay down there his share of a burden which had proved itself too heavy for him to bear in his own strength.

12. Here let us leave him — where better could we leave him, than at the altar, before which he had first caught a glimpse of the glory of his birthright, and felt the drawing of the bond which links all living souls together in one brotherhood—at the grave beneath the altar of him who had opened his eyes to see that glory, and softened his heart till it could feel that bond?

THOMAS HUGHES.

LESSON LXXVI.

O'NEIL'S BUFFALO HUNT.

En vī'roned, surrounded; encompassed.

Zěst, keen enjoyment; relish.

Pro fi'cient, possessed of considerable acquirements; well-skilled.

Nīm'rod, a celebrated ancient hunter.

Dis cī'ple, a scholar; a pupil.

Im pāle'ment, the act of impaling, or putting to death by piercing with a stake.

In vōl'un ta ry, not proceeding from choice; independent of, or opposed to the will.

Frēs'eōed, painted.

WE were encamped at Bald Buttes and found it an excellent ground for hunting buffalo and trapping beaver. The weather was delightful, and, although environed by peril from hostile Indians and subjected to considerable hardship, we plunged into the excitements of the chase with joyful zest.

2. Among our number was a man by the name of O'Neil, a recent arrival in the country, and, of course, unaccustomed to the wild life of the West. Like most of his countrymen, he was a man of native wit and enterprise, and early manifested a desire to become proficient in hunting. It was not long before he got his first lesson as a disciple of Nimrod, which, as the sequel will show, proved also his last.

3. We instructed him that every man who went out of camp after game, was expected to bring in meat of some kind, or be disgraced as a hunter and subjected to the ridicule of his companions. O'Neil said he would agree to the terms and was ready to make his first attempt that evening. He picked up his rifle and

started for a small herd of mountain buffalo in plain sight, only three or four hundred yards from camp.

4. We were all busy setting up our new camp, some of us erecting tents and some cooking supper, when we heard O'Neil's rifle in the distance, and shortly after he came running into camp, bare-headed, without his gun, and a mad buffalo close after him in pursuit.

5. It was a glorious race. Both were going at full



speed, and O'Neil had every inducement to win in order to save himself from impalement upon the horns of his furious pursuer. As he neared the tents, his hair electrified with fright and his eyes bulging from their sockets, he bawled, "Here we come! Stop us! For the love of heaven, stop us!"

6. Just as they dashed into camp, the buffalo not

more than six feet behind, O'Neil, who looked like a flying monster and fairly gasped for breath, caught his toe in a tent-rope, and over he went into a puddle of water, head foremost, and in his fall capsized several camp kettles, one of which contained our supper.

7. But the buffalo did not escape, for mountain-men rarely allow anything to surprise them out of a good chance for a shot, and Shawner Jake and I leaped for our guns and dropped him before he had done any further damage. Of course we laughed at O'Neil when he got up from his involuntary bath, as a party of trappers show no mercy to any one who meets with a mishap of this kind.

8. He was equal to the occasion, however, and as he stood there with dripping clothes and face frescoed with mud, his mother-wit came to his relief and he declared he had accomplished the hunter's task, "For surely," said he, "haven't I fetched the meat into camp? and there was no bargain whether it should be dead or alive."

9. Next morning Kit Carson and I took his tracks and the buffalo's, and after hunting an hour or so, found his gun, though he had little use for it afterwards, as he preferred to cook and help about camp rather than expose himself again to the perils of hunting buffalo.

CAPTAIN HOBBS.



LESSON LXXVII.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

Rūs'set, of a reddish-brown color.	Ā'lien (ā'yen), belonging to another; foreign; a foreigner.
Al tēr'rate, being by turns; one following the other in succession of time or place.	Ērst, first; once; formerly.
Em bāt'tled, having an outline resembling a battlement; in battle array.	Gār'ru loūs, talkative; loquacious.
Mār'tial (mār'shal), pertaining to war; warlike; suited to war.	Mā'son, a man whose occupation is to lay bricks and stones in walls or structures of any kind.
Ward'er, one who wards or keeps; a guard.	Dīs'taff, the staff for holding the bunch of tow, wool, or flax, from which the thread is drawn in spinning by hand.

WITHIN his sober realm of leafless trees
 The russet year inhaled the dreamy air,
 Like some tanned reaper in his hour of ease,
 When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

2. The gray barns, looking from their hazy hills
 O'er the dim waters widening in the vales,
 Sent down the air a greeting to the mills,
 On the dull thunder of alternate flails.
3. All sights were mellowed and all sounds subdued,
 The hills seemed farther and the streams sang low;
 As in a dream the distant woodman hewed
 His winter log with many a muffled blow.
4. The embattled forests, erewhile armed in gold,
 Their banners bright with every martial hue,
 Now stood, like some sad beaten host of old,
 Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest blue.

5. On slumbrous wings the vulture held his flight;
The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's com-
And like a star slow drowning in the light, [plaint;
The village church-vane seemed to pale and faint.
6. The sentinel-cock upon the hill-side crew—
Crew thrice, and all was stiller than before,—
Silent till some replying warder blew
His alien horn, and then was heard no more.
7. Where erst the jay, within the elm's tall crest,
Made garrulous trouble round her unfledged
young,
And where the oriole hung her swaying nest,
By every light wind like a censer swung:—
8. Where sang the noisy masons of the eaves,
The busy swallows, circling ever near,
Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,
An early harvest and a plenteous year;—
9. Where every bird which charmed the vernal feast,
Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn,
To warn the reaper of the rosy east,—
All now was songless, empty, and forlorn.
10. Alone from out the stubble piped the quail,
And croaked the crow through all the dreamy
Alone the pheasant, drumming in the vale, [gloom;
Made echo to the distant cottage loom.
11. There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers;
The spiders wove their thin shrouds night by
The thistle-down, the only ghost of flowers, [night;
Sailed slowly by, passed noiseless out of sight.

12. Amid all this, in this most cheerless air,
And where the woodbine shed upon the porch
Its crimson leaves, as if the Year stood there
Firing the floor with his inverted torch;—
13. Amid all this, the centre of the scene,
The white-haired matron, with monotonous tread,
Plied the swift wheel, and with her joyless mien,
Sat like a Fate, and watched the flying thread.
14. She had known Sorrow,—he had walked with her,
Oft supped and broke the bitter ashen crust;
And in the dead leaves still she heard the stir
Of his black mantle trailing in the dust.
15. While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom,
Her country summoned, and she gave her all;
And twice War bowed to her his sable plume—
Regave the swords to rust upon her wall.
16. Regave the swords—but not the hand that drew
And struck for Liberty its dying blow,
Nor him who, to his sire and country true,
Fell 'mid the ranks of the invading foe.
17. Long, but not loud, the droning wheel went on,
Like the low murmur of a hive at noon;
Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone
Breathed through her lips a sad and tremulous
tune.
18. At last the thread was snapped: her head was bowed;
Life dropped the distaff through his hands serene—
And loving neighbors smoothed her careful shroud,
While Death and Winter closed the autumn scene.

T. B. READ.

LESSON LXXVIII.

THE SHIP OF PEARL.

Feign, to fancy; to imagine; to assert by a fiction; to pretend.	Irised (īrist), having colors like the rainbow.
Sīren, according to poetic fable, a sweet-singing sea-maid.	Crypt, a cell or cave; a vault, especially under a church, for the interment of persons; a tomb.
Gauze, a very thin, slight, transparent stuff of silk or linen.	Trīton, a fabled sea-god; the trumpeter of Neptune.
Chām'bered, divided into chambers by walls or partitions.	Wrēathed, curled; twisted.

THIS is the ship of pearl which, poets feign,
 Sails the unshadowed main,—
 The venturous bark that flings
 On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
 In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
 And coral reefs lie bare, [hair.
 Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their shining

2. Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
 Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
 And every chambered cell,
 Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
 As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
 Before thee lies revealed—
 Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!
3. Year after year beheld the silent toil
 That spread his lustrous coil;
 Still, as the spiral grew,
 He left the past year's dwelling for the new,

Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last found home, and knew the old
no more.

4. Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathéd horn!
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice
that sings,—

5. Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low vaulted past:
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!
- O. W. HOLMES.

NOTE. THE SHIP OF PEARL is a poetic appellation for the chambered *Nautilus*, a kind of shell-fish, furnished with a membrane which serves it as a sail. The shell is a spiral, chambered shell, that is, divided into several cavities by partitions.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet, seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

ALEXANDER POPE.

LESSON LXXIX.

CURFEW.

SOLEMNLY, mournfully, doling its dole,
The Curfew Bell is beginning to toll.
Cover the embers, and put out the light;
Toil comes with the morning and rest with the night.

2. Dark grow the windows, and quenched is the fire;
Sound fades into silence,—all footsteps retire.
No voice in the chambers, no sound in the hall!
Sleep and oblivion reign over all!
3. The book is completed, and closed, like the day:
And the hand that has written it lays it away.
Dim grow its fancies, forgotten they lie;
Like coals in the ashes, they darken and die.
4. Song sinks into silence, the story is told;
The windows are darkened, the hearth-stone is cold.
Darker and darker the black shadows fall;
Sleep and oblivion reign over all.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

NOTE.—*Curfew*, the ringing of a bell at nightfall, originally designed as a signal to the inhabitants to cover fires, extinguish lights, and retire to rest: the practice was instituted by William the Conqueror, king of England.



Have you got your reg. drawn



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